

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. XXVII.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1913

NO 4

ANOTHER CEMETERY STARTED

Upon the Site of the Old Landmark, the "Old Town Pump"

ONE MONUMENT ERECTED

On Which is to be Found the Following Inscription, "Monument to the Board of Local Improvements"

Wednesday morning the citizens of Antioch, who had occasion to travel upon Depot street, were surprised and dumfounded to discover a grave, yes, a newly made grave right in the very center of the street in one of the most conspicuous spots in the village, at the point where the street known as Depot street merges into Main street, or to be more explicit, on the site of the old town pump.

Excitement reigned supreme for a time and just as it was reaching the climax Constable Huber, the local Sheriff, proved himself a hero by suggesting that perhaps the monument which had been erected in the night might furnish a clue to the foul deed, if such there had been. Immediately his suggestion was acted upon and a committee was appointed to investigate, Ex-Senator A. N. Tiffany, Justice of Peace Harry Isaacs, and Ex-Mayor Chase Webb were chosen, and upon close examination they found and reported the following conditions: "That during the night someone, or something had been buried, and over the remains had been erected a suitable monument bearing the inscription: 'Monument to the Board of Local Improvements.'"

What had then quickly dispersed and one of the men summed up the sentiment of the gathering when he was heard to whisper, "Well they have been dead long enough, it's about time they were buried."

Of course looking at it from an unbiased point of view, it may be only a case of "a mote in our own eye," when we complain that there is no walk leading to the new depot (the pride of the town) and that we have to wade in the mud or feel our way carefully over the switch tracks after dark; or of the dew-laden weeds that bordered, all summer, the make shift passage to the depot; or of the rubbish that has been so promiscuously dumped along Depot street that one experiences the sensation of crawling through a garbage can whenever they pass that way. How do we know that this isn't just what most please the Board of Local Improvements; how do we know that they do not consider these things in the line of beauty and improvement? how do we know that these things ought to be changed? No doubt it is only our own selfish ideas that these conditions should cease to exist, for how can any of us poor ordinary mortals aspire to set our opinions above those of the men selected to serve on the Board of Local Improvements? Doesn't it stand to reason that they know best?

They have the power to change these things if they so wished, but if they consider them beautiful and all right why shouldn't we? If they think that these things make the town attractive to strangers why shouldn't we agree with them? Of course we know that every one of these men are doing their duty just as they see it, and they are in no way to blame. If we can't see things as they do, but let's hope that when their spirits are resurrected they may try may undergo a change of mind at least give us a plank to walk on when we go to the depot to meet our friends.

Later Thursday morning another ripple of excitement swept along Depot street when the rumor was spread that another grave had been made, because that of the "Board of Local Improvements." It however developed that the "wag" had collected the signs on the old dumping grounds and had set them, close to the other grave, giving the public a gentle hint that place in the town was too sacred to figure.

ATTACK WITH RAZOR

Two Italians Attack a Detective With a Razors in a Box Car

Charles Meyers of Waukegan, a detective in the employ of the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern railroad, had a rather close escape on Friday afternoon when he was attacked by two Italians who were armed with razors. He succeeded in placing the two men under arrest and took them to Waukegan, locking them up in the city jail. The affair took place at Rondout. They gave their names as Pedro Carloti and Corn Myassi.

It seems that the Italians had taken possession of a freight car and refused to leave it, despite the insistence of the entire train crew. When members of the crew sought to eject the fellows from the car they advanced against them with razors and the trainmen at once beat a hasty retreat.

About this time Meyers arrived on the scene. Drawing his club he went inside the car and drove the two men out. They showed fight, turning on him with drawn razors. Meyers did not propose to take any chances and drew his revolver. The sight of this caused the Italians to charge their minds suddenly and they at once started to run away. Meyers pursued them and succeeded in catching one of them. While he held him with one hand, he fired two shots in the air, commanding the other fellow to return. He did so and after somewhat of a tussle Meyers succeeded in subduing the fellows and taking them to Waukegan.

Meyers says he has dealt with some pretty tough characters but it has been a long time since he has found two who were so evidently willing to commit murder without provocation. When searched the fellows had three or four more razors in their pockets.

MUST STAY ON FARMS

In Order to Keep the Boys on the Farms Must Keep the Girls to

The discussions one day this week at the Farmers National Congress at Plano were greatly enlivened by an address of A. P. Sandell, secretary of agriculture for Ohio, who declared that "the cultivation of woman is a bigger job today than the making of poor ground to yield."

"We can't keep the boys on the farm," he said, "unless we keep the girls there. Modern education must not take away the cornerstones of motherhood. The present price of women's hearts and poor cooking is sending more men to hades than all the saloons. Good cooking, good baking, sewing and the other arts of our mothers are necessary to make the home a decent place to live. Of course the farmer must see that his wife is properly clothed and is not made a drudge and has those little recreations dear to the feminine heart. But there has been too great a neglect of the domestic arts in recent years."

Three girls who were marooned in the recent Ohio floods were helpless when raw meat was brought to them to be cooked.

Newspapers would do more good if they ran the pictures of girls who won prizes at cooking schools on the front page than in constantly parading Evelyn Thaw. They would be doing a much more creditable work if they ran pictures of the boys who win prizes raising corn than in putting Jack Johnson on the front page.

"Our statistics show that three-fourths of the convicts in the Ohio penitentiary are men who went from the country to the city. In the girls' reformatory there are ten girls who came from the country to one who was reared in the city. The proportion in the boys' reformatory is twelve to one."

ROCKEFELLER POST OFFICE IS CHANGED TO AREA NOW

Official notification was received this week from the postal authorities at Washington that the name of the office at Rockefeller had been changed to Area, together with the confirmation of the appointment of Joseph C. Dorfner as postmaster to succeed Will Kollege.

The change of name is the result of an action started over four years ago when the village board on July 12, 1909, in response to the popular demand, abandoned the name Rockefeller and gave to the village a name they chose because each letter represents one of the four faculties which are requisite to success—ability, reliability, endurance and action, and the whole conveys the thought of progress and expansion.

Remedy for Stains.
For removing flower pot stains from the window sills, fine wood ashes are excellent.

JAIL INMATES TO WORK

One Supervisors Will Present Matter of Manual Training in December

AT COUNTY POOR FARM

Investigation of Eastern Poor Farms Has Been Made by One Supervisors

Petty offenders against the various communities of Lake county are to pay their debt to society by making themselves useful and earning their board instead of pacing idly about the corridors of the county jail, if the plan of one of the county supervisors does not miscarry.

He proposes the scheme at the next meeting of the board of supervisors in December whereby a building at the county farm, may be used as a industrial school for those people. His plan can be established without expense to the taxpayers and he believes that it will prove the means of doing away with the time honored custom of twenty-five or more loafers fostering themselves on the county each winter, either at the county home or the county jail.

"Believing that Lake county is behind the age in the management of its charities and corrections I took occasion to investigate model institutions of the east and Canada when on a recent trip," he said.

"There is room for a broom factory at the new barn at Libertyville and it will house one hundred people. Why it can not be used as a place of confinement for those who transgress the laws and who are able to work, is hard to conceive. Most of them could take the places of hired farm hands who are now paid big wages. The others could run a stone crusher to supply material for hard roads or make brooms or do similar work."

"In the eastern states they have similar institutions at the county farm. They beat Lake county in every way. Their system is more humane and inmates are better fed and better kept and cost is much less to the county than here."

"As an example there are 300 patients and inmates of the Manchester county farm in the hospital for tuberculosis, others are at work in the industrial plant and on the farm to serve sentences from the police courts. They are well fed and receive good care especially in the hospital where they have a physician all of the time and trained nurses. The total expense is \$2.70 a week for each inmate."

Panama Canal Article.

In this issue of the News our readers will find a very concise story of the Panama canal as it is today, and we feel sure that if you read this article your knowledge of the "big ditch" will be increased wonderfully, as the story is written by a correspondent right on the ground. The article in question will be found on an inside page of the News and we call your attention to it, so that you will not overlook it. Every week you will find good, clean articles of value on the different pages of the News and in order to get the full value of your paper each week you should read every one of them.

JOHN MORROW IS DEAD AT HIS HOME IN WAUKEGAN

John S. Morrow, 53 years old, a former alderman of Waukegan, and residing at 702 North Genesee street, passed away at his home Tuesday night at 6:30 o'clock after an illness of two or three years from heart trouble and tuberculosis. The latter condition was brought on through several severe attacks of pneumonia through which Mr. Morrow passed.

During the last few days Mr. Morrow's condition became considerably worse but his death came quite unexpectedly. Mr. Morrow had been able to be around the house every day with the exception of Tuesday when he felt so much worse that he decided to remain in bed.

SEVEN NEAR DEATH IN AUTO WRECK

Alderman Wojton, His Family and Friends of North Chicago Are Badly Injured

TRAIN HITS AUTO IN FOG

It is a Miracle How the Seven Escaped Death, the Car Was Turned So It Was Facing West After Being Hit

Seven North Chicago people were seriously injured and had close escapes from death at 11:30 o'clock Saturday night when an automobile in which they were riding was struck by a Chicago & Northwestern freight train at the railroad crossing west of Five Points, near North Chicago. The fog is said to have obscured the vision of those in the automobile so that they did not realize their danger until they were upon the tracks.

The injured: Alderman Stanley Wojton, forehead and left leg badly cut and bruised.

Mrs. Stanley Wojton, bruised and cut on right side of her chest and on her body.

Felix Wojton, seven-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wojton; deep cut on hip and groin; bruised and cut about body, most severely injured of all.

Anton Dudek, right leg and hand bruised and cut rather severely.

Mrs. Anton Dudek, right cheek badly bruised; both legs cut and bruised.

Two Dudek children, girl, 8 years old and boy, 6, both bruised badly.

Alderman Wojton had taken the party out in his Mitchell car and they were returning home late at night when the accident happened. The side curtains of the car were up and this prevented the occupants from leaping to safety when they saw the engine bearing down on them.

The automobile was going east at the time. The force of the collision caused it to be whirled around so that it headed west and it was tossed into the ditch as if it was but a plaything. The radiator and hood of the machine was smashed in as if it was but an eggshell. Through what appeared to be a dispensation of Providence the car was not overturned. The occupants were injured principally by broken glass from the wind shield.

As soon as possible the injured people extricated themselves from the car and made their way home as best they could. Dr. Connell was summoned and he dressed their injuries. The Wojton boy was injured the most severely of all, although there was not a member of the party who did not receive cuts and bruises.

MRS. MCCARTHY DIES AT THE AGE OF 91 YEARS

Mrs. Daniel McCarthy of Wadsworth one of the best known residents of Lake county, of which she had been a resident for more than 60 years, died at her home there at 9:30 o'clock Monday night following an attack of pneumonia with which she had been taken ill last Wednesday. Though 91 years of age, she had been active up until that time and had known but little illness in all her life. She was well known in that section of the county.

Mrs. McCarthy was born in Ireland but during her girlhood came to this country to live and has made her home in Lake county for more than 60 years. Twelve years ago her husband, Daniel McCarthy passed away but to this union had been born two sons and five daughters who survive their mother.

The funeral was held at the St. Patrick's church at Wadsworth Thursday morning with interment in the St. Mary's cemetery in Waukegan.

Auction Sale Bills

This is the season of the year when sale bills are printed, and the News is fully equipped to do them in a workmanlike manner. Those having the sale bills printed at this office also receive free a list printed in the News, which is equal to and reaches more people than the bill itself. We have tin cups that we also loan to our customers.

SEPT. WEATHER REPORT

Furnished By J. C. James, the Local Weather Man

Sept. 1913—Warmest day 98 on the 1st and 2nd. Coldest day 29 on the 23. Average temperature 62.62. Rainfall 3.10 inches.

Sept. 1912—Warmest day 97 on the 5th. Coldest day 34 above on the 30th. Average temperature 63.81. Rainfall 2.25 inches.

Sept. 1911—Warmest day 93 on the 1st. Coldest day 41 above on the 25th. Average temperature 64.33. Rainfall 6.16 inches.

Sept. 1910—Warmest day 83 on the 11th. Coldest day 35 above on the 28th. Average temperature 61.80. Total rainfall 2.80 inches.

Sept. 1909—Warmest day 88 on the 20th. Coldest day 35 on the 2nd. Average temperature 60.26. Total rainfall 3.02 inches.

Sept. 1908—Warmest day 100 on the 11th. Coldest day 32 above on the 29th. Average temperature 67.76. Rainfall 1.1 inches.

Sept. 1907—Warmest day 93 on the 1st. Coldest day 35 above on the 25th. Average temperature 62.33. Total rainfall 5.43 inches.

Sept. 1906—Warmest day 94 on the 9th. Coldest day 44 above on the 25th. Average temperature 67.40. Total rainfall 5.82 inch.

Sept. 1905—Warmest day 90 on the 29th. Coldest day 43 above on the 25th. Average temperature 64.69. Total rainfall 2.80 inches.

Sept. 1904—Warmest day 88 on the 10th. Coldest day 35 above on the 15th. Average temperature 62.66. Rainfall 4.55 inches.

Sept. 1903—Warmest day 85 on the 7th. Coldest day 35 above on the 28th. Average temperature 61.74. Rainfall 6.35 inches.

Sept. 1902—Warmest day 85 on the 8th. Coldest day 36 above on the 14th. Average temperature 67.44. Total rainfall 7.35 inches.

Sept. 1901—Warmest day 89 on the 6th. Coldest day 30 above on the 19th. Average temperature 69.40. Total rainfall 19.7 inches.

SUPERVISORS MAY BUY

Committee Has Been Appointed to Get Lowest Prices on Sanitarium

The board of supervisors held an out-of-door meeting at the county farm at Libertyville Thursday and all the members were present with the exception of Simons of Antioch. The matter of purchasing the tuberculosis sanitarium was taken up. Chairman Brooks of the committee appointed to look into the matter submitted a report against the purchase of the institution. The report was accepted by the board. Later Mr. Brooks made a motion that the county board purchase five or six acres of land to erect an institution of their own. Considerable discussion resulted and it was decided to drop the matter for the present. A motion made by supervisors on suggestion of Dr. Brown, that a committee of three be appointed to secure the lowest possible price of the Lake Breeze Sanitarium and report to the adjourned meeting on October 8th, was passed. The committee named was Supervisors Goss of North Chicago, Welch of Waukegan and King of Lake Forest.

The board authorized Dr. Brown to proceed with the operations on the two children with dislocated hips. The board also passed the annual appropriation ordinance which provided for \$105,200 for the year and includes these items:

- State Charities, \$500.
- Printing, records, etc., \$7,000.
- Salary of County Officers, \$9,000.
- Birth and Death reports, \$700.
- Jury, coroners, warrants, \$4,000.
- County farm and outside aid to the poor, \$35,000.
- Heating and lighting, maintenance of county buildings, \$21,000.
- Primary and general elections, \$5,000.
- Construction of bridges, \$3,000.
- State aids Roads, \$20,000.

New Wisconsin State Capital

The fourth highest dome in the world is that of the new Wisconsin state capitol, with a height from the ground of 269 feet 8 inches without the bronze statue of a woman which will increase it to 287 feet, more than the width of seven city lots. The three domes which are higher are those of St. Peter's cathedral at Rome, 330 feet; the Duomo at Florence, Italy, 310 feet and the national capitol, Washington, 307 feet.

Exactness.
Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.—F. W. Faber.

WOMEN VOTE STRONG TUESDAY

Waukegon Electric Franchise Defeated by 707 Votes Tuesday

1,147 WOMEN VOTED

Carries Significance in Minds of Many That Prohibition Will Carry in the Spring

Imagine 1,147 women getting out to vote at the special franchise election in Waukegon Tuesday, the first time the women of that city had a chance to vote under the new state law! also the first time the referendum was resorted to in Waukegon under the commission form of government law.

If anybody had said Monday night that over a thousand Waukegon women would avail themselves of the chance vote Tuesday, whoever said it would have been jeered. But, they went of a hundred stronger than that—and was their first time at the polls. Y will happen when they get accustomed to going! Or will the novelty wear and the vote decrease instead of increasing? An increase is looked rather than otherwise.

It was interesting to see the struggling to land the women. The women were solicited by men who treated them as a matter of vote rather than they had ever before. The women were I. "I." In fact they could have anything they wanted. Auto rides were theirs for the asking. Smiles were frequent, in fact to be had for a mere nod.

In some cases men were seen taking other men's wives to the voting place; sometimes husbands who had not expected their wives to go down and vote, were surprised to see them preceding to the polls; sweethearts were seen with their fellows, headed for the polls. Husbands and wives were seen in numbers preceding to the polls, as foot or being driven in autos.

It was really an epoch-making thing to see husbands and wives going to the ballot box together to cast a ballot which in assertive families, might as well have been thrown into the ditch because one voted one way and the other the other, the one thus off setting the other. In many cases husbands and wives voted alike—and their vote thus was about a double ballot after all. The voting of women Tuesday was characterized by the fact that to get the women out it was not necessary to pass the clgars.

While certain opponents of the franchise in Tuesday's election will dislike to admit it, they must admit it, they must concede, if they are able to analyze the "vote of Tuesday in any proper manner that the outcome of that special election spells DOOM for the saloons of Waukegon. They, some of them, are conspicuous advocates of the saloon and accordingly, they cannot fail to recognize pertinent facts in Tuesday's election as bearing on the saloon question.

The franchise lost by a majority of 703 votes. The proportion of women voting against the franchise throughout the city was greater than men, for 1,147 women voted, of this number 714 being against it and 433 for it. There were 2,026 male votes with 1,223 against and 803 for.

The Bird's Year.

Nineteen hundred and thirteen will go down to history as the birds' year. National legislation in their interests, surpassing all former action, has marked the record of the first nine months. First came the law extending federal protection to all migratory birds, and now the news from Washington that the importation of feather of wild birds into the United States is forbidden by action of Congress. "This is the greatest legislative victory ever won for the birds of the world," writes the Secretary of the National Association of Audubon societies. Hereafter it will be illegal to bring the feathers of wild birds into this country except for educational purposes. The saving of bird life the world over is incalculable.

Daily Thought.
The true way to mourn the dead is to take care of the living who belong to them.—Burke.

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTIONBY
REX BEACHSUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONGIllustrated By
Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, chief leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Jean Chaplin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede men. The cowboys join in the appeal to Vally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, fearing that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Pronto, glass club slinger from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to dissuade Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back again unless he is in. Glass says he is in full at Omaha for ten days. Glass is a panther forces Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"They won't let me. I—I'm supposed to keep to myself."

"They? Who?"

"Glass."

Miss Blake turned indignantly upon Larry. "Do you mean to say Mr. Speed can't go walking with me?"

"I never said nothing of the sort," declared the trainer. "He can go if he wants to."

"Just the same, I—oughtn't to do it. There is a strict routine—"

A lift of the brows and a courteous smile proclaimed Miss Blake's perfect indifference to the subject, just as Willie snatched from the open window and spoke to Glass beneath his breath: "Git her out!"

"I'm so sorry. May I show you a surprise I brought for you?" She unwrapped her parcel, and proudly displayed a pallid, anaemic cake garlanded with wild flowers.

Speed was honestly overcome.

"For me?"

"For you. It isn't even cold yet, see! I made it before breakfast, and it looks even better than the one I baked at school!"

"That's what I call fine," declared the youth. "By Jove! and I'm so fond of cake!"

"Have a care!" breathed Larry, rising nervously, but Speed paid no attention.

"Break it with your own hands, please. Besides, it's too hot to eat."

Miss Blake broke it with her own hands, during which operation the brown face of the maid outside reappeared in the window. At sight of the cake she spoke sharply, and Lawrence lumbered swiftly across the door and laid a heavy hand upon the cake.

"Mr. Speed!" he cried warningly.

"Here, take your foot off my angel-food!" he fiercely ordered the youth. But the other was like adamant.

"Be, you are about to contest for the honor of this ranch! That cake will make a hum of you!"

"Oh—h!" gasped the author of the delicacy.

"Step before it is too late!" Glass held his hungry employer at a distance, striving to make known by a wink the necessity of his act.

"There is absolutely nothing in my cake to injure any one," Helen objected loyally, with lifted chin; whereupon the corpulent trainer turned to her and said:

"Cake would crab any athlete. Cake and gals is the limit!"

"Really! I had no idea I was the least bit dangerous," Miss Blake, turning to her host, smiled frigidly. "I'm so sorry I intruded."

"New don't say that!" Speed strove to detain her. "Please don't be offended—I just have to train!"

"Of course. And will you pardon me for interrupting your routine? You see, I had no idea I wasn't wanted."

"But you are, and I do want you!"

"Good-by!" She nodded pleasantly at the door, and left her lover staring after her.

When she had gone, he cried, in a trembling voice: "You're a fine yep, you are! She got up early to do something nice for me, and you insulted her! You wouldn't even let me sit and hold her hand!"

"No palm-reading!" Speed turned to behold his trainer, ravenously devouring the cake, and dashed to its rescue.

"It's heavier than a frog full of buckshot. You won't like it, Cul!"

"It's perfectly delicious!" came the choking answer.

"Then get back of them curtains. Willie'd shoot on sight."

And that morning the prisoner idled about the premises, followed at a distance by his guard. He could not bear to read the future; anything seemed possible. Time and again he cursed that spirit of braggadocio, that thoughtless lack of moral scruple, which had led him into this predicament.

ment. He vowed that he was done with false pretenses; henceforth the strictest probity should be his. No more false poses. Praise won by dissimulation and deceit was empty, anyhow, and did he escape this once, henceforth the world should know J. Wallingford Speed for what he was—an average individual, with no uncommon gifts of mind or body, courage or ability.

At noon Vally went through the mockery of a second blood-race meal, with no cake to follow, and that afternoon Glass dragged him out under the hot sun, and made him sprint until he was ready to drop from exhaustion. His supper was wretched, and his fatigue so great that he fell asleep at Miss Blake's side during the evening. With the first hint of dawn he was up again, and Friday noon found him utterly hopeless, when, true to his prediction, the unexpected happened. In one moment he was raised from the blackest depths to the wildest transports of delight. It came in the shape of a telegram which Jean summoned him to the house to receive. He wondered listlessly, as he opened the message, then started as it disbelieved his eyes; the marks of a wild emotion spread over his features, he burst into shrill, hysterical laughter.

"Do tell us!" begged Robert.

"Covington—Covington is coming!"

Vally felt his head whirl, and failed to note the chaperon's cry of surprise and see the paling of her cheeks. "Covington is coming! Don't you understand?" he shouted. After all, the gods were not deaf! Good old Culver, who had never failed him, was coming as a deliverer.

Even in the face of his extraordinary outburst the attention of the beholder was drawn to Lawrence Glass, who caused the porch to shake beneath his feet; who galloped to his employer, and soling him by the hands, capered about like a hippopotamus.

"I told you 'Allah' was some guy," he wheezed. "When does Covington arrive?"

Wally reread the message. "It says 'noon Friday.' Why, that's today! He's here now!"

"Rah! Rah! Covington!" belted the trainer, and Mrs. Keap sank to a seat with a stifled moan.

"Why all the Oh joy! Oh rapture! ah?" questioned Berkeley Fresno.

"As Socrates, the Hemlock Kid, would put it, 'Snatched from the shadow of the grave,'" quoth Glass, then paused abruptly. "Say, you don't think nothin' could happen to him on the way over from the depot?"

"I'm so sorry we didn't know in time to meet him, lamented Miss Chaplin.

"And I could have run over to the railroad to bid him welcome," laughed Speed. "Twenty miles would do me good."

Still Bill and Willie approached the



"Would You Like to Lay a Little Mo' on This Race?"

gallery curiously, and in subdued tones inquired:

"What's the matter, Mr. Speed?"

"You ain't been summoned away?"

Willie stared questioningly upward.

"No, no! My running partner is on his way here, that's all."

"Running partner?"

"Culver Covington!"

"Oh, we was afraid something had happened. You see, Gabby Gallagher has just blown in from the Centipede to raise our bets."

"We think it's a bluff, and we'd like to call him."

"Do so, by all means!" cried the excited athlete. "Come on, let's all talk to him!"

The entire party, with the exception of Mrs. Keap, trooped down from the porch and followed the foreman out toward the sheds, where, in the midst of a crowd of ranchhands, a burly, loud-mouthed Texan was discoursing.

"I do wish Jack were here," said Jean nervously, on the way.

Gabby Gallagher seemed a fitting leader for such a desperate crew as that of the Centipede, for he was the

hardest-looking citizen the easterners had beheld thus far. He was thickset, and burned to the color of a ripe olive; his long, drooping mustaches, tobacco-stained at the center, were bleached at the extremities to a hoarse hue. His bristly hair was cut short, and stood aggressively erect upon a bullet head; his clothes were soiled and greasy beneath a gray coating of dust. A pair of alert, lead-blue eyes and a certain facility of movement belied the drawl that marked his nativity. He removed his hat and bowed at sight of Miss Chaplin.

"Good evenin', Miss Jean!" said he. "I hope I find y'all well."

"Quite well, Gallagher. And you?"

"Tol'able, thank you."

"These are my friends from the east."

The Centipede foreman ran his eyes coldly over Jean's companions until they rested upon Speed, where they remained. He shifted a lump in his cheek, spat dexterously, and directed his remark at the Yale man.

"I rode over to see if y'all would like to lay a little mo' on this yere foot race. I allow you are the unknown?"

Speed nodded, and Stover took occasion to remark:

"Them's our inclinations, but we've about gone our limit."

"I don't blame you none," said Gallagher, allowing his gaze to rove slowly from top to toe of the eastern lad. No, I can't blame you none whatever. But I'm terrible grieved at them tidin's. Though we Centipede punchers have ever considered y'all a cheap an' poverty-ridden outfit, we gives you credit for hein' game, till now."

He spat for a second time, and regarded Stover scornfully.

A murmur ran through the cowboys.

"We are game," retorted Stover, "and for your own good don't allow no help to the contrary to become a superstition."

"Don't let a Centipede bluff you!" exclaimed Speed. "Cover anything they offer—give 'em odds. Anything you don't want, I'll take, pay or play, money at the tape. We can't lose."

"I got no more money," said Carara, removing his handsome bespangled hat, "but I bet my sombrero. 'E's worth two hundred pesos."

Murphy, the Swede, followed quickly.

"Aye han' send may vages home to may eld' mod'r, but aya skall bat you same."

"Haven't you boys risked enough already?" ventured Miss Chaplin. "Remember, it will go pretty hard with the losers."

"Harder the better," came a voice.

"Y'all don't have to bet; just because I'm h'yar," gibed Gallagher.

"God! I wish I was rich!" exclaimed Willie.

But Miss Chaplin protested. "You are two months overdrawn, all of you. My brother won't advance you any more."

"Then my man, Lawrence, will take what they can't cover," offered Speed.

"That's right! Clean 'em good, brothers," croaked the trainer.

"If you'll step over to the bunk-house, Gabby, we'll dig up some personal perquisites and family heirlooms."

Stover nodded toward his men's quarters, and Gallagher grinned joyously.

"That there listens like a band from where I set. We aim to annex the wages, hopes, and personal ambitions of y'all, along with your talkin'-machines."

"Excuse me," Willie pushed his way forward. "How's she gettin' along?"

"Fine!"

"You mule-skinner ain't broke her?"

"No; we plays her every evenin'."

The little man shifted his feet; then allowed himself to inquire, as if regarding the habits of some dear departed friend:

"Have you chose any favorite records?"

"We all has our pick. Speakin' personal, I'm stuck on that baggage coach song of Mrs. More's."

"Moray!" Willie corrected. "Mor-al Heleney Moray is the lady's name."

"Mebbe so. Our foot-runner likes that injun-wardance best of all."

Carara smiled at Cloudy, who nodded, as if pleased by the compliment.

Then it was that the Flying Heart spokesman made an inquiry in hushed, hesitating tones.

"How do you like 'The Holy City'?"

he removed his hat, as did those back of him. "As sung by Madam-O-sella Molby!"

"Rattent!" Gallagher said promptly. "That's a bum, for fair."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Undiscovered Interior.

A magazine editor recently returned a story to an aspiring contributor.

Immediately the latter wrote an indignant letter to him, saying that before sending her manuscript she had slightly pasted together several of the inner pages. When the story was returned to her it was in its original condition. She had always suspected editors of neglecting their duties; now she was sure of their carelessness, for her own story had not been read.

To all this, the much-herated man made reply: "Dear Madam: At breakfast, when I find that an egg is bad, I do not have to eat the whole of it to make sure."—The Sunday Magazine.

Tea Reveals Oil Field.

The discoverer of oil in Papua, British New Guinea, was the result of a native boy being whipped for playing kerosene in a miner's ton.

The youth declared his innocence and led the miner to the well from which the water had been taken.

It was found that the surface of the water was completely covered with kerosene, the source of which is being developed into a huge commercial enterprise.

NATIONAL CAPITAL
Affairs

Electricity in a Bowl Protects a Bunch of Coin



WASHINGTON.—"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," remarked Mr. Shakespeare, which only shows that Shakespeare, with hop to humanity and wrote a good many things that other people merely thought. This philosophy on morals may not have been written with a particular view to jantlers, but there are several cases in Washington where it would apply. There is one widely discussed at the capitol, where it is well known that Superintendent Elliot Woods can leave jewels and precious stones or anything else he happened to have lying around with a perfect looseness, and there is not a laborer on the place who would not walk around the block to avoid going near them.

Quite a while ago the senate laboratory was not the commodious structure it is now, but merely a private laboratory and workshop for Mr. Woods. He was an electrical expert

then, as he is now, and was always tooling with anything from wireless to high frequency currents. He noticed at one time that a good many of his small personal possessions disappeared if he did not lock them up, and as he seldom thought to lock anything up, the lost list increased to an annoying extent.

One day he built a large lyden jar out of a big china bowl and a little tin foil. He dropped a lot of pennies and nickels and dimes into it and charged it with enough "juice" to kill an ox maybe, or at least enough to make the ox think he had been killed. He left it on a sheet of glass and walked off, leaving the door of the laboratory open.

It was not long before one of the outside laborers slipped in and took a look around. That bowl of small change was an irresistible temptation, and he evidently thought a few would not be missed. He ran his hand into the bowl, but before he could grasp a nickel he felt as though some one had hit him on the funny bone with an ax. He gave a wild yell and landed in the middle of the property yard. Since that time it has been well and generally known that Mr. Woods "puts conjures" on anything that belongs to him and you could not hire anybody at the capitol to touch a thing of his.

This Model Shop Was Rather an Eerie Place

WHEN the model shop of the Smithsonian Institution was down by the railroad tracks in South Washington, Harry Handley and the late Mr. Palmer, who were in the shop, had the surrounding population "buffeted" to the extent that it was never necessary to lock a door. The model shop was rather an eerie place, anyhow, with its atmosphere of plaster of paris, half dismantled bodies and statues and rugs and skins and almost anything else queer that happened to float through the museum. There were a lot of life masks in plaster, and the residents of the shop were believed by all the small boys and many of the adults of the vicinity to be body santheers and to make their living by questionable and occult arts, including human vivisection.

The thing that made the place sacred, or rather "baleful" to illiterate neighbors was a human skeleton that lived in the back of the shop and that by a simple arrangement of overhead cords could be made to set up off a chair and walk into the shop.

There is one of the clerks up in the war department who is an amateur naturalist of some attainment. He is also a smoker, and is in the habit of keeping a small reserve supply of tobacco in a jar on his desk, so that he can replenish his pouch if he runs short during the day.



He found, finally, that it was impossible to keep any tobacco on hand and whenever he wanted it in a hurry the jar was sure to have been emptied. The inhabitants of Ireland have nothing on the sons of Ham when it comes to dreading snakes. All snakes look alike to them and they are all deadly, merely because they are snakes, quite regardless of the species. The clerk knew this quite well and, carefully washing out the tobacco dust from the jar, he one day dropped a perfectly harmless grass snake into it and put on the lid.

That afternoon he stayed late with a draftsman who was working overtime in an adjoining room. About 5:30 there was an agonized yell from the neighborhood of his desk and one of the janitors passed through the room in a blinding cloud of dust and took the stairs three at a time without waiting for the elevator.

Hidden Wealth Lost; Stove Is Worst Offender



THE United States has made millions of dollars through the efforts of thirty people to place their surplus wealth beyond the reach of thieves. Goats, calves, dogs and other animals have eaten hundreds of rolls of bills that would have been far safer in banks. Parlor stoves also appear to be a profitable source of loss.

But for the work of the redemption division of the treasury department the loss in many cases would be total. As it is much of the money is redeemed, but to date Uncle Sam is \$14,000,000 richer than he would have been had he never issued paper money. Millions of the fractional currency notes have been offered for redemption and together with later issues, are

either lost or hoarded up by curio collectors.

Dogs, cats, pigs, goats and calves appear to be the chief offenders when it comes to eating paper bills. Recently the redemption division was compelled to examine the stomach of a dog that had swallowed a \$20 bill dropped by his owner. The bill was thought to be worth more than the dog, so the animal was killed. Calves mutilate paper money worse than any other animal. Goats appear to give it a "lick and a promise" and swallow the whole roll.

Men in the redemption division assert that in cases where animals swallow bills the proper course is to get the bills as soon as possible and to ship the whole mass to Washington to be unfolded and tested as to its genuineness.

Decidedly the larger part of money sent to Washington for redemption is said to have been mutilated by fire. The parlor stove is a great source of loss. During the summer months money is concealed in the stove and in the fall is sent up in smoke in the first fall fire.

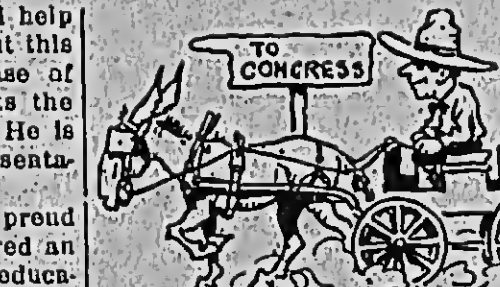
Congressman Drove a Mule and Was Proud of It

IT IS not often that a mule will help a man to get into congress, but this very thing happened in the case of William M. Baltz, who represents the Twenty-second Illinois district. He is the man who succeeded Representative Rodenberg.

Baltz is a farmer, and he is proud of it. In his youth he was offered an opportunity to obtain a college education, but he declined, saying that he preferred to devote his time to his farm. So he went to work and farmed right up to the minute that it became necessary for him to come to congress. Furthermore, he will farm some more, whenever congress adjourns.

There were those people in his district who were politically opposed to him that thought it would be a fine scheme to expose the fact that he drove a mule around home, and they spread this "scandal" far and wide.

After the story had been going the rounds for two or three weeks Baltz was called on one night down at Belle ville to make his first political speech.



"Some of my political opponents say that I drive a mule," he said. "You bet I drive a mule! He's a good mule, too. I don't suppose there's a better mule in southern Illinois. I'm not ashamed of that mule, and I'm not ashamed that I'm a farmer, either. Some folks try to belittle me by saying that I wear a hickory shirt. You bet I wear one! I'm not ashamed of that, either. I'm a farmer and I'm an honest one, and if you send me to Washington I'll be an honest congressman, too!"

The speech made a hit with the audience and the newspapers said that it was one of the best that had been delivered during the campaign.

CHILDLESS
WOMEN

These women once childless, now happy and physically well with healthy children will tell you how E. H. Prosser's Vegetable Compound made all this possible. Here are the names and correct addresses—write them if you want to and learn for yourself. They are only a few out of many thousands.

"Our first baby is strong and healthy and we attribute this result to the timely use of your Compound."—Mrs. Fred Kohman, Kent, Oregon.

"I owe my life and my baby's good health to your Compound."—Mrs. V. O. Brewster, 11 F. D. No. 2, Troy, Alabama.

"I have three children and look younger each time."—Mrs. John Howard, Wilmington, Vermont.

"I have a lovely baby boy and you can tell every one that he is a 'Pinkham baby'."—Mrs. Louis Fischer, 32 Munroe St., Carlstadt, N.J.

"We are at last blessed with a great little baby girl."—Mrs. G. A. Lapreouze, Montguy, La.

"I have one of the finest baby girls you ever saw."—Mrs. C. E. Goodwin, 1013 S. 6th St., Wilmington, N.C.

"My husband is the happiest man alive today."—Mrs. Clara Danneberg, 507 Marlboro St., Buffalo, N.Y.

"Now I have a nice baby girl, the joy of our home."—Mrs. Dorothy Cote, No. 117 So. Gale St., Worcester, Mass.

"I have a fine strong baby daughter now."—Mrs. A. A. O'Leary, Des Moines, Iowa.

"I have a big, fat, healthy boy."—Mrs. A. A. Balenok, R.F.D. No. 1, Baltimore, Ohio.

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"I have a big

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy, one year, in advance, \$1.00
Advertising Rates Will be Furnished Upon
Application

Telephone Antioch 381

THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 2 1913

STANDING OF CON-
TESTANTS AT THE
CITY SHOE STOREStanding of the contestants for the
piano, sewing machine, gold watch and
toilet set for the week ending, Septem-
ber 24, is as follows:

Contestant's Number.	votes	Contestant's Number.	votes
1.....5100	92.....7700	101.....7300	190.....8350
2.....6000	93.....8200	102.....7000	191.....8200
3.....5000	94.....10880	103.....7300	192.....8200
4.....5000	95.....9585	104.....7350	193.....8200
5.....5000	96.....8250	105.....7500	194.....8200
6.....6000	97.....8500	106.....7700	195.....8200
7.....4450	98.....8000	107.....7650	196.....8200
8.....7000	99.....8975	108.....7250	197.....8200
9.....6000	100.....7150	109.....8000	198.....8200
10.....7885	101.....7300	110.....7900	199.....8200
11.....7685	102.....7000	111.....7150	200.....8200
12.....20225	103.....7300	112.....7350	201.....8200
13.....4000	104.....7350	113.....8275	202.....8200
14.....6000	105.....7500	114.....7500	203.....8200
15.....4000	106.....7700	115.....8450	204.....8200
16.....5000	107.....7650	116.....7350	205.....8200
17.....4500	108.....7250	117.....7000	206.....8200
18.....10035	109.....8000	118.....7890	207.....8200
19.....5000	110.....7900	119.....7750	208.....8200
20.....6000	111.....7150	120.....7700	209.....8200
21.....8250	112.....7350	121.....6500	210.....8200
22.....5660	113.....8275	122.....6000	211.....8200
23.....5000	114.....7500	123.....6700	212.....8200
24.....5900	115.....8450	124.....6670	213.....8200
25.....5000	116.....7350	125.....6500	214.....8200
26.....3500	117.....7000	126.....6700	215.....8200
27.....5945	118.....7890	127.....7500	216.....8200
28.....6550	119.....7750	128.....7150	217.....8200
29.....6000	120.....7700	129.....8000	218.....8200
30.....30435	121.....6500	130.....9000	219.....8200
31.....5000	122.....6000	131.....8000	220.....8200
32.....8200	123.....6700	132.....7000	221.....8200
33.....6000	124.....6670	133.....7250	222.....8200
34.....5500	125.....6500	134.....7750	223.....8200
35.....6000	126.....6700	135.....8370	224.....8200
36.....7000	127.....7500	136.....7370	225.....8200
37.....8250	128.....7150	137.....10835	226.....8200
38.....7000	129.....8000	138.....8650	227.....8200
39.....8200	130.....9000	139.....14085	228.....8200
40.....7850	131.....8000	140.....9000	229.....8200
41.....8000	132.....7000	141.....8350	230.....8200
42.....8390	133.....7250	142.....8250	231.....8200
43.....7000	134.....7750	143.....7750	232.....8200
44.....8565	135.....8370	144.....10000	233.....8200
45.....7000	136.....7370	145.....8650	234.....8200
46.....5900	137.....10835	146.....8250	235.....8200
47.....9000	138.....8650	147.....9000	236.....8200
48.....5500	139.....14085	148.....8750	237.....8200
49.....7850	140.....9000	149.....8650	238.....8200
50.....6000	141.....8350	150.....8250	239.....8200
51.....12085	142.....8250	151.....8150	240.....8200
52.....8250	143.....7750	152.....9280	241.....8200
53.....7850	144.....10000	153.....9550	242.....8200
54.....7000	145.....8650	154.....8350	243.....8200
55.....8070	146.....8250	155.....7875	244.....8200
56.....7250	147.....9000	156.....8150	245.....8200
57.....6850	148.....8750	157.....8150	246.....8200
58.....7000	149.....8650	158.....7750	247.....8200
59.....9000	150.....8250	159.....9190	248.....8200
60.....10200	151.....8150	160.....9375	249.....8200
61.....7750	152.....9280	161.....2000	250.....8200
62.....7000	153.....9550	162.....10000	251.....8200
63.....7000	154.....8350	163.....9175	252.....8200
64.....5000	155.....7875	164.....10000	253.....8200
65.....6350	156.....8150	165.....7785	254.....8200
66.....8000	157.....8150	166.....3880	255.....8200
67.....7000	158.....7750	167.....7110	256.....8200
68.....5000	159.....9190	168.....30060	257.....8200
69.....5780	160.....9375	169.....10000	258.....8200
70.....5700	161.....2000	170.....9750	259.....8200
71.....7000	162.....10000	171.....8200	260.....8200
72.....8000	163.....9175	172.....8350	261.....8200
73.....6000	164.....10000	173.....7350	262.....8200
74.....6000	165.....7785	174.....11810	263.....8200
75.....5800	166.....3880	175.....3380	264.....8200
76.....6000	167.....7110	176.....7350	265.....8200
77.....7800	168.....30060	177.....8350	266.....8200
78.....6700	169.....10000	178.....6150	267.....8200
79.....6600	170.....9750	179.....11045	268.....8200
80.....6500	171.....8200	180.....8310	269.....8200
81.....6000	172.....8350	181.....12000	270.....8200
82.....6200	173.....7350		
83.....6100	174.....11810		
84.....6700	175.....3380		
85.....10135	176.....7350		
86.....6700	177.....8350		
87.....6000	178.....6150		
88.....5900	179.....11045		
89.....6300	180.....8310		
90.....6285	181.....12000		
91.....5600			

Prudish Priest.

Prudery knows no frontiers. The historic and valuable frescoes in the church of Benouville, Calvados, have just been ruined by the misplaced zeal of a parish priest. The frescoes represented the Day of Judgment and scenes from an old French parable, and the priest's action is due to the fact that the painter clothed his figures after the fashion of our first parents.—London Globe.

Earliest Hunger Strike.

What was the date of the earliest hunger strike? In the second or third century of this era a Greek student wrote: "Then to his father Theon, greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to Alexandria. Send me a lyre, I implore you. If you don't, I won't eat; I won't drink. There now!"

HAROLD'S HELPFUL HINTS

By JULIA LAMB.

"The trouble is," said the young man, with the square forehead as he deliberately panned over the candy box and helped himself to the biggest chocolate, "that nobody tells you girls the truth about yourselves, and so you get chasty over the saccharine and baseless compliments doled out to you. You thrive on so many a day just as though they were breakfast food. And you get entirely wrong ideas of yourselves!"

"Thank you, Harold," said the girl in the hammock in appropriately humble tones, "for coming here to lead us up out of darkness. I might mention, by the way, that you have colossal nerve and supreme conceit."

"So have all great men," modestly affirmed Harold. "Now, take Stephanie—I'll warrant 1,000 men to date have whispered in her ear that her eyes are causing them vast disturbance and—"

"You are perfectly horrid!" finished the young woman in question.

"There you go!" commented the young man, blandly. "Working your eyes, I mean. It's got to be a habit with you. Somebody remarks that it's a pleasant day and thereupon you give him a glance warranted to kill at a thousand yards."

"That all comes from the fact that when the men mentioned your eyes they politely neglected to add that your nose is impossible and that you have an unpleasant habit of being snippy."

"When you consider Ruth—say, I caught her yawning the other evening when the new man quoted that thing about shimmering waves of golden hair or something or other. Every man Ruth meets at once feels something stirring in the back of his head which finally bursts forth in that bunch of poetry he recites in his sophomore days. I'd like to know the percentage of her allowance Ruth spends on hair tonics."

"I wish you'd go on home!" said the young woman in question, indignantly. "Of course you do!" agreed the young man, affably. "That's what I said—not one of you likes to hear the truth and you are getting spoiled in



"You Give Him a Glance."

consequence. 'Your hair is all right, Ruth, but take it from me that you should be more of a clinging vine. Humor our little eccentricities, one of which is liking to think we are the whole thing and you are worshipping us from down below. It'll make a huge hit combined with the hair. Conceal your brains. As for Florence—"

"Don't mind me," murmured the girl in the hammock.

"I think too much of you to leave you out of this little helpful hints symposium," the young man assured her. "I am not going to let you wander around on the outside while the others have been enlightened. They tell you, Florence, that you are the best dancer it was ever their good fortune to run across and they drag in that peaches and cream thing about your complexion, don't they? And you have a fit if a ray of sunlight smites you and you keep a bottle of freckle lotion handy. They remain discreetly silent over the fact that they find you in the hammock while mother is canning cherries in a hot kitchen—"

"She said there wasn't a thing I could do!" protested Florence, hotly.

"Mothers have a way of shouldering things," said the young man. "Mine would chop kindling while I smoked. If I'd let her! Besides, the men hate to wait on you the way you make them."

That Lady Clara Vere de Vere stuff may make a hit with some, but nearly every man hustles to get away from it to some one who will make him comfortable and will wait on him. You've got to do it, Florence, before you will make a complete hit. All successful wives have to be mothers to their husbands—"

"Men are selfish brutes!" said Stephanie, with warmth.

"Right!" agreed the young man. "Sometimes, though, we are roused from our lethargy to do a great deed of kindness, as I have just done—"

"Maybe," breathed Ruth, violently, "you think you've made yourself popular around here by it!"

"I've established myself in your affections for life," insisted the young man, brazenly, as he departed. "When you get over hating me you'll be almost in love with me for it!"

"Anyhow," said Stephanie from the silence which ensued after he had vanished, "he's perfectly horrid, but you must admit you don't forget him the minute he's out of sight, as you do most of the others!"—Chicago Daily News.

DRUG REQUIRES MUCH WORK START OF POSTAL SERVICE

Persians Are Expert in Getting Ready the Juice of the Poppy for Marketing.

Opium juice is sold in large copper vessels by the grower to the merchant, in whose hands it undergoes several processes in order to preserve it from fermentation and decay. On sunny, fine, hot days the Persian caravansaries where opium dealers have their magazines present an interesting picture. The juice is brought out to be prepared into cakes for export, says the Christian Herald.

On large wooden boards, two and a half feet long and one and a half feet broad, the sticky mass is spread out with spadelike tools to permit the water it contains to evaporate. Experienced workers move from board to board, turning over the layers every now and then, that the heat and sun may dry up the exposed surfaces and render the opium fit for making into cakes. In favorable weather this process takes only an hour or so, and the opium is ready for the next manipulation.

It is now scraped off and is rolled into stiff, dough-like lumps and handed to a man who divides it into smaller portions, weighing one pound each, which he passes on to molders, by whom they are pressed into the wooden forms and then laid on a large board for the final drying process. When this is completed the cakes are rolled up in red paper imported specially from China. One hundred and forty-four are put in the lined wooden cases with poppy stem chaff as packing. The wooden cases are covered with strong hides and sacking. Two cases form a mule load. The percentage of morphine in Persian opium varies from nine to twelve per cent.

FIRST MILITANTS ON RECORD

Amazones Undoubtedly Were the Original Fighters of Their Sex in Warlike Bands.

The Amazones were fabled tribes or warlike communities of women in Scythia, Asia and Africa. They were said to be descendants of Scythians of Cappadocia, whose their husbands, having made lacustrine, were all slain in ambushes. The women formed a feminine state, declaring matrimony a shameful servitude. They were said to have been conquered by Theseus, about 1231 B. C. According to Homer, they were allies of the Trojans in the siege of Troy, where their queen, Penthesilea, was slain by Achilles. Theseus and Hippolyta, queen of the Amazones, are characters in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." The Amazones were constantly at war; and for ease in handling their weapons, their right breasts were destroyed, from which they derived their name. They were supposed to have worshiped the moon. About 330 B. C. their queen, Thalestris, visited Alexander the Great, in Asia, with 300 women in her train.

When Rome Tried Socialism.

The old agrarian law in Rome decreed an equal division among the Roman people of all lands acquired by conquest, limiting the possessions of each person. It was first proposed by the consul Spurius Cassius, 486 B. C., and occasioned his judicial murder when he went out of office in 485. An agrarian law was passed by the tribune Licinius Stolo, 376; and for demanding extensions Tiberius Gracchus, in 133, and his brother Caius, in 121, were murdered. Livius Drusus, a tribune, was murdered for a like cause in 91. Julius Caesar prohibited the plebeians by an agrarian law in 59.

Being Awake.

Moral reform and improvement are the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? If they had not been overcome with drowsiness they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labor; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred million to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?—Thoreau.

Make Exemplary Patients.

A piece of bone jammed between the molars of a Bengal tiger made the great cat furious, but when the zoological physicians touched the tormenting object with the forceps she began to "relax completely, and the bone was removed with ridiculous ease." The Bulletin of the Zoological society records the case of several other animals that proved to be far more satisfactory patients than human beings. All the great apes, for example, are perfect patients. But the gentle deer, which are high-strung, nervous creatures, are the most difficult of all to handle when ill.

He and She.

"With a woman, it isn't what a man looks like. It's what he says—and does." "A woman doesn't care what a man looks like. They'd rather a man wouldn't be handsome, so he'll think about them instead of about himself. The way to please a woman is to help her to think of nothing but herself." "A serious young woman is never in any circumstances so interesting to a man as a light and gay pretty woman, whatever men may pretend. It is in-born in the male to regard the female as the representative of the lighter side of life."—George Helm, by David Graham Phillips.

First Attempt at System Began in England as Far Back as the Year 1035.

How many of us know that the post office began to exist in the year 1635? Special messengers and the common carrier were till then the only means of communication.

After that date a horse post carried letters along the great roads into the different parts of England, those who lived near these roads hurrying out at the sound of the postman's horn. And the remote byways were not neglected.

If one desired to send a letter to some remote town in Yorkshire, one went to Ludgate, then to the Bell Savage in, close by, and there entrusted it to the carrier for the country in question. The messenger from London would not penetrate into byways. Each country had its system of footposts, which linked the outlying districts with its chief towns and with the great high roads. The London courier, pressing on to his terminus, was relieved of packets for remote regions by the local postman, who, in turn, passed them on from hand to hand to their destination. In somewhat similar fashion, though less regularly and smoothly, letters inland were carried over the long and tedious journey to the hands for which they were laboriously indited.

NAMES THAT REALLY SUITED

Child Found No Trick at All to Alter the Cognomen of Her Two Pets.

When little Dorothy's papa's friend presented to little Dorothy, on her birthday, two tiny, aristocratic, white, fluffy balls of angora kittens, she named them on the spot Duke and Duchess. Time passed and the kittens grew into cats and then there came an event. Duke became the mother of four new kittens.

"This will never do, my dear," said little Dorothy's mamma. "You must find other names for your cats. What will you call them?"

Little Dorothy did not answer at once. Instead she pondered over the matter all day. Just before bedtime she went to her mother with the air of one whose mind has been relieved of a great weight.

"I know what I'll call them, mamma," she said. "It's quite simple. I'll call the one that I first named Duke—the mother-cat—I'll call Marmaduke, and I'll call the one I first named Duchess—the papa-cat—I'll call him Ben Hur."

Biggest Pair of Tusks.

In the stables of the royal palace at Mandalay, in Burmah, there may be seen an elephant with a remarkable pair of tusks, which the Burmese declare are the largest in the world, says the Wild World Magazine. These gigantic tusks measure as much as seven feet nine inches on the outside curve, with a greatest circumference of no less than seventeen inches.

To naturalists the most extraordinary point about these tusks, which are still being carried by their owner, is that they virtually touch the ground and almost never leave it. Apparently, however, their owner experiences no inconvenience from these long and cumbersome appendages while taking exercise.

As a zoological curiosity the elephant has naturally attracted wide attention, and it is said that several offers have already been received for the tusks when the animal should see fit to depart this world.

That Uplifted Feeling.

One of the things which "every woman knows" is that feeling of elation produced by putting on beautiful clothes, or even some eccentricity, provided it is of the newest fashion. Probably men—who are singularly like women in these highly civilized days—are perked up by a new tie or exultated by a fancy waistcoat, only they do not talk about these mysteries as much as women do.

But love of finery has a deep psychic meaning, and according to one of our leading brain specialists there is "an emotional accompaniment of elation following the putting on of a pretty garment"—a rather pompous way of saying what every feminine thing, from the fat baby who rejoiced over her coral necklace to the grandmother who sticks a pink bow in her lace cap, is intensely aware of.

Clergymen as Playwrights.

In Garrick's time the church had a decided leaning toward the stage. The great actor suffered a plague of stage-struck clergymen. He read many of their plays and produced at least one. Rev. Edward Young of Welwyn parish and of "Night Thoughts" fame wrote the tragedy of "The Two Brothers" which Garrick produced. Its reception was a tragedy. It "was only fit to make an ice house of a theater." Young, however, had counted his chickens—he had promised £1,000—the expected proceeds of his author's rights—to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. And here he stood. He dipped deeply into his private purse and made up the thousand.

Bad Judgment.

"There is one discordant note in your garden, my dear madam," remarked the esthetic landscape architect.

"What is that?" asked the lady, much alarmed.

"I notice," he replied, with a shudder, "that you have a dogwood planted near some pussy-willows."

Little Profit in These Mines. Some forty years ago considerable copper was mined and shipped out of San Fernando in the southern part of Lower California, but since then not much has been done with this metal. The principal difficulties in the way of the profitable mining of copper are fuel and transportation facilities. Iron deposits have been found at several places, the principal one being at San Isidro, but no active work has ever been done.

Comfort for Night Workers.

In one of the New York hotels a floor is arranged for the use of those who work at night and sleep during the day. The "Sleepy Sixteenth," as the floor is nicknamed, is run on an inverted time table, with a separate staff, and its own restaurant, lift and telephone service. No one sleeping on this floor is called, except under special orders, until late in the day. Breakfast is served in the afternoon and the other meals are put back in the same way. All the routine work of cleaning and bedmaking is done after nightfall.

His Biblical Knowledge Slight. Whatever qualifications the newly-elected judge possessed, biblical knowledge was not his most conspicuous. An attorney went to his court to plead for a girl who was to be sent to the juvenile court for a misdeed. "This is the little girl's first offense," pleaded the attorney, "and I don't think she ought to be punished. Even Mary Magdalen was pardoned." "Mary Magdalen," said the judge, "I don't remember that case. Clerk, bring me the files in the Magdalen case."

The "O" in Irish Names.

It is a pity so many people here drop the Irish O, for it is a prefix of nobility that is the oldest in Europe, says the New York Tribune. Many of our best Dutch families in New York came here without a surname, but there is not a family in Ireland possessing a surname in O that has not borne that surname since at least the twelfth century. That is surely a distinction and proof of social standing that Ireland's fall from its high estate cannot obliterate.

DEAR MR. CUSTOMER:—

Don't be weak on the price proposition, it's really a secondary consideration.

"Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten"

A growth based on honest endeavor to give quality, to emphasize the good, to avoid error, is permanent and carries within itself an impetus for continual advancement.

We handle the very best material on the market, and our prices are based upon the Quality of the article.

PLUMBING & HEATING, a specialty. Strictly sanitary plumbing (Guaranteed) whether your water supply is from city or otherwise.

Prices and Estimates given on the following

Hot water, steam, warm air furnace heating, acetylene and gasoline gas piping and fixtures, pneumatic water supply systems, gasoline and kerosene engines, pumps and well supplies, pipe and fittings, galvanized iron cornices, eaves troughs and gutter, builders hardware, stoves and ranges, gasoline and kerosene stoves, fishing tackle, American wire field fences, guns and ammunition, National copper cable lightning rods and General Repairing

Ask for our HOME TRADE PRICE MAKER CATALOGUE

Illustrating and Quoting
Exceptionally low prices, on

MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Williams Bros. Antioch Store
Inc. Established 1871

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the
Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Sept. 29.—The committee declared butter at 31c.

Fall underwear—all sizes at Webb's. Frank Hooper was in Antioch Monday.

Mrs. Marshall was in Waukegan on Tuesday.

Mrs. Mary Boylan was a Chicago passenger Tuesday.

Mrs. William Harrower was a Waukegan visitor Monday.

Miss Kate Anderson and Mrs. Jacob King spent Thursday and Friday in Burlington.

Miss Clara Taylor is enjoying a week's vacation from her duties at the Telephone office.

Mrs. Ada Armstrong and children have returned from a short stay with relatives in Indiana.

Dr. and Mrs. Olcott and daughter, Miss Shirley left Monday for a ten days visit at Fond du Lac, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith and children of River Forest, Ill., visited over Sunday at the home of P. O. Hawkins.

Mrs. Mildred Wood of Franklin, Ind., spent Wednesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. J. Morley at this place.

See those Mackinaw Usters, at Webb's.

Mrs. J. R. Cribb and Mrs. Lew Van Patten spent the latter part of last and the fore part of this week with Mrs. H. H. Kellogg at Niles, Mich.

R. A. Luger has sold his studio here to Clarence Holdorf, who will take possession Nov. 1. Mr. Luger is undecided as to his future plans.

Antioch Juniors and the Pikeville Juniors played a return game of ball on the local grounds here Sunday, the score being 7 to 5 in favor of Pikeville.

Last Friday afternoon Ralph James entertained about twenty-five of his friends and schoolmates at his home in honor of his eleventh birthday. A most enjoyable time was had.

The Liberty Congregational church Sunday services: 10:30 a. m. preaching service; 11:40 a. m. Sunday school; 8:00 p. m. Christian Endeavor, devotional service. James Patterson, pastor.

Those from Antioch who attended the funeral of Mrs. Sarah McGavick, at Libertyville Tuesday were: Mr. and Mrs. James Fisher, Mrs. H. E. Herap, Miss Mabel Brogan and Miss Florence Brogan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Watson went to Chicago Monday to attend the wedding of Mr. Watson's cousin, Dr. J. F. Watson to Miss Florence Pattison, which occurred at the home of the bride's parents, on Jackson Boulevard at 8:00. Among the many presents was a lot and 3-flat building on Coyne avenue, a present from the bride's brother.

Notice

Anyone wanting room and board call or write Clarence King, Spafford street, Antioch. Box 254, also can leave word at this office. Rates reasonable.

A Nation of Cigarette Smokers

We are getting to be a nation of cigarette smokers. Statistics compiled for the past ten years show that while the cigarette industry has gained about 84 per cent the increase in the manufacture of cigarettes has been nearly 400 per cent. This too has occurred in spite of the legislation directed against the use of restriction of the little smokers.

L. J. SICUM, BRISTOL, WIS.
PUBLIC AUCTIONEER

Have quite a little experience and can give best service to all whom employ. Have best of reference and satisfaction guaranteed.

Call or write for dates. Also deal in Real Estate—Farm and city property for sale or exchange in most any state. S. J. Seicum, Bristol, Wisconsin.

New fall caps at Webb's.

Ask for piano certificates at the City Shoe Store.

Will look 'is working in the Powlis' Meat Market.

Miss Leonella Taylor spent Saturday in Burlington.

Dr. and Mrs. Beebe spent last Thursday in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase Webb will leave Saturday for Virginia, Minn.

Miss Elizabeth Webb visited several days this week with Chicago friends.

Mrs. Gerkhe left Monday for Whittling, Ind., where she will stay some time.

Miss Sherman of Kenosha visited at the home of Mrs. Mary Adams over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Thorpe of Fond du Lac, is spending several days in Antioch.

Coal orders left at Webb's Racket Store will have our prompt attention.

H. R. Adams & Co.

Mrs. Mary Marshall left the last of the week for a three weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Iowa.

Mrs. R. C. Higgins of Libertyville and Mrs. Mabel Cleveland and baby of Chicago were guests of Mrs. Ziegler Wednesday.

Sweater coats, all kinds and sizes, at Webb's.

Rev. Stixrud left Tuesday morning to attend the Annual Rock River conference which this year is being held at Freeport, Ill.

James McVey of Camp Lake, has purchased of D. A. Williams the lot on north Main street between the Hoffman and Johnson residences. Consideration \$500.

Strayed—From Camp Lake hotel on Friday, a young brindie bulldog, wears a collar lined with yellow. Please call Wilmet 295 and receive reward. Walter Williams.

The Epworth League will have charge of the services at the Methodist church next Sunday evening, beginning at 7:00 o'clock. A special program has been prepared and all are invited.

Will Smart had the misfortune to lose 14 fine hogs recently. The cause of the disease is unknown, although they were first taken with what seemed to be paralysis of the hind quarters.

NOTICE—I will teach anyone the barber trade in a few weeks and put them to work at good wages. This is a bonafide offer. Write me. A. B. Moier, Pres., Moier System of Colleges, 105 S. Fifth avenue, Chicago. 3-1 adv

Waukegan friends of Wm. Ragan, former circuit clerk and recorder of Lake county who moved away from Waukegan some ten or twelve years ago will regret to learn that he is very low at his home in Los Angeles, Cal., as a result of paralysis.

Jacob Savage returned from Eagle River, Wis., last Friday and is much pleased with the country. He reports crops good there, and as an evidence of the fact he brought back oats and potatoes that are hard to beat in Illinois at any time.

The Ladies Aid society held their annual meeting and election of officers in the church basement Wednesday afternoon. Those elected were: President, Mrs. D. A. Williams; First Vice, Mrs. Chase Webb; Second Vice, Mrs. W. H. Osmond; Secretary, Mrs. Jos. James; Treasurer, Miss Ella Ames.

Quiet English Parish.

The tiny parish of Clonaborough, North Devon, England, a little village, has a population of only 42, so that baptisms, marriages and burials are not very frequent. The other week the first marriage ceremony for 15 years took place, but even then the couple were not parishioners, the bride coming from St. Austell, the bridegroom, whose home is at Exmouth, being the rector's brother-in-law.

Ask for piano certificates at the City Shoe Store.

R. A. Shults was a Chicago business visitor Monday.

Roy Pierce left Sunday for Denver, Col., for a two weeks' trip.

John Welch of Libertyville was a business caller here Monday.

Frank Trussell of Chicago was in Antioch visiting friends over Sunday.

W. F. Ziegler was in attendance at the Banker's convention in Chicago last Friday.

Mrs. Chas. Will of Templeton, Wis., was a visitor at the A. G. Watson home last week.

L. G. Paddock left last week for Florida where he will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Frank Barber and son of Kenosha are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Judd.

Miss Eva Felter left last Friday morning for a visit with her brother at Ledyard, Iowa.

The dedicatory services of the new Wilmet Catholic church will be held on Thursday, Nov. 6.

Mrs. David Webb of Waukegan visited several days this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Webb.

New up-to-date fall suits at Webb's.

John Hiserodt of Chicago was visiting his sister, Mrs. Chas. Alvers, and other Antioch friends on Friday of last week.

For Sale—A two cylinder Roadster in good condition, with top and lights. Bargain at \$200. Inquire of T. J. Buckley, Loan Lake. 2-2 adv

Lost—A bunch of keys between the depot and Chas. Smith's hotel. There was ten or fifteen keys on the ring, one being C & E I with key. Finder please leave at this office. 42 n. v

Agents Wanted—Highest cash weekly and part expenses. Outfit free. Home territory. Experience unnecessary. Our contract the fairest ever written. Under our plan you can make \$20 per week and up, over and above expenses. Write Hawks Nursery company, Wauwatosa, Wis.

Notice to the Ladies of Antioch and Vicinity

I will open a first class dressmaking parlor in the Van Patten building on Main street the first of the coming week. I will also take orders for tailor-made suits, and will have on hand samples of all the latest fabrics to choose from.

Mrs. E. A. Dorrence.

NEW BARN AT THE
COUNTY FARM IS A
MODEL OF ITS KIND

One of the things done by the supervisors at the adjourned meeting at the county farm, Libertyville, Thursday, Sept. 25th, was the inspection of the new barn erected recently by Charles Boyes, at a cost of about \$3,100.

The barn is frame, 82x36 feet and is a most attractive and complete structure. It has a concrete floor and at the front entrance is a fine shingled canopy running clear across the front.

The barn is characterized by several original features designed by Supt. Charles Apply of the county farm, one of which is especially clever. It is the manner in which, by weights, he operates the two big hay doors. The peak of the barn makes the swinging of doors a difficult feat ordinarily, but, by the use of two big weights, pulleys and ropes, he has contrived a scheme whereby the doors slide without climbing a ladder and any child can manipulate them.

The stalls are rooms and the wash room for rigs is also large and has a concrete floor.

The barn is a fine piece of workmanship and every member of the board who inspected it, felt pleased that the county has county farm.

GIRARD-BAKER
WEDDING AT ST.
PETER'S CHURCH

At St. Peter's church Wednesday morning at 9:00 o'clock occurred the marriage of William F. Girard and Miss Rose Baker, both of Antioch, in the presence of a large gathering of relatives and friends of the contracting parties.

The bride couple were attended by Miss Jessie Begun of Chicago as brides maid while Joseph Dupre acted as best man. Mrs. Frank Girard presided at the organ and vocal selections were rendered by Mrs. Wm. Dupre.

A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride and in the evening a supper and reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Girard.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Baker, who reside east of town, while the groom is well known here, having resided at this place a number of years.

It is the intention of the couple to make their home in this village.

The News joins with a large circle of friends in extending congratulations.

Handy Correspondence Cards.

"Ready made correspondence" cards have been in vogue in France for several years. On each card are printed some four dozen or so commonplace remarks with which holiday makers contrive to fill up a page of letter paper—"Just arrived," "Weather bad," "This is a bad hotel," "Very dull here," "Jolly people," "Send me some money," and the like. One merely puts a cross against the sentence that expresses his sentiment.

Both About Right.

Tom—"Women don't love men for what they really are but for what they have done." Kitty—"And men love women for what their fathers have done."—Puck.

Cool in Face of Death.

One of the most extraordinary cases of sangfroid on the scaffold occurred some time ago, when Macdonald, who murdered a Miss Holt, paid the penalty of his crime in England. The hangman had forgotten the white cap to place over the prisoner's eyes, and Macdonald, noticing what had happened, remarked to his executioner: "Put your hand in my breast pocket and you'll find a silk handkerchief. That will do to blind my eyes, won't it?"

His Feeling for Henri.

The Departing Guest—"Out of this sum give each of the waiters ten sous and Henri five francs." The Head Porter—"But Henri has just now entered our employment. He has not yet served you." The Guest—"And, therefore, he is the only one who hasn't annoyed me."—Heltere Welt.

Great Users of Sugar.

It is no surprise to learn that Americans are the greatest consumers of sugar in the world; we use a great deal of it in our politics.—Philadelphia Press.

Protect the Landscapes.

Prussian police are empowered to prohibit the defacement of landscapes by the erection of billboards and other signs and pictures.

C. G. FOLTZ CO.
BURLINGTON, WISCONSIN

We Will Save You Money

Do your fall buying at our store. Our stock is very large and complete. We offer the best of merchandise.

Our Prices Are Low

Now is the time to look closer the following lines:

Ladies', Misses and Children's Cloaks between 300 and 400 choice garments.

Grand values in furs, dress goods, silks, and trimming. Remember our dress making department.

Suits and overcoats for men, young men and boys. We carry a mammoth stock of clothing. Winter underwear, grand values.

Carpets and rugs. Lace curtains and drapery goods.

Make up your mind you will visit our store, and see the grand values we have to offer you.

We want to get you in the way of doing your trading with

C. G. FOLTZ CO.
BURLINGTON, WISCONSIN

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS
FURNISHED BY

Lake County Title and Trust Co.
Abstracts of Title, Titles Guaranteed,
MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING
WAUKEGAN ILLINOIS
LOUIS J. GUERRE Secretary

W B Walrath and wf to Jane A Hoyt lot 255 Shaws sub on Fox Lake w d \$ 100 00

Mary Shaw and hus to Emma Doyle lot 32 Shaws sub in W Antioch twp w d 1 00

Wm Thom and wf to Annie Blanchard 20 acres in sw 1 sec 24 Antioch twp w d 2500 00

John Bailey and wf to J P Spiczak lot in Fox Lake Village w d 700 00

To Keep Plants.

A good way in which to keep plants fresh without watering them when the house must be closed in to take all the plants to the cellar or some other cold place and set them in tubs, with an ordinary brick under each flower pot. Pour into the tubs just enough water to cover the bricks. It is best to place the tubs by an east window if possible.

Obedient Instructions.

Joek McTavish had the misfortune to get arrested and sentenced. He was given a bucket of water, a brush and a cake of strong soap, and told to wash his cell. Some time later the jailer came through and saw McTavish giving himself a thorough scouring. "Here," he cried, "what are you doing? Didn't I tell you to wash your cell?" "Aye, an' am I no washin' mase!" asked the surprised McTavish.

Good Coffee Costs Less

It's the poor coffee that's expensive. High grade coffee yields more cups to the pound than low grade—there is more strength in the high grade berries. And there's a little satisfaction in coffee that lacks a fully rich flavor.

You are choosing a high grade coffee, but an inexpensive one, when you tell the grocer to send Mex-O-Ja.

From every pound you can make 40 cups of delicious coffee—more if you like it mild. The cost is less than a penny a cup.

Mex-O-Ja Coffee is packed in a specially constructed bag, enclosed in a protector cartou with broad green and red stripes.

The Price May Change—The Quality Never

Price subject to revision according to the cost of raw material.

30 Cents Per Pound

ARBuckle Bros.

Mex-O-Ja Sales Dept.

363-445 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

Get Best Results Grind your Coffee at Home

Would Take No Chances. As he is naturally generous with his touring car, a young Cleveland offered to take the old colored janitor of the apartment in which he resided downtown the other day. "No, suh, boss—no, suh, thank you, suh," grinned the ancient functionary. "I reckon I'll wait and go on de atreec eyalh." "What's the matter, uncle? Are you afraid?" "No, suh—no afraid? No, suh. I got to wait." "Uncle, have you ever been in an automobile?" "Nevah but once, an' den I didn't let 'em all meight down!"

Adjudication Notice.

Public notice is hereby given that the subscriber, executor of the last will and testament of Sarah Tucker deceased, will attend the County Court of Lake County, at a term thereof to be holden at the Court House in Waukegan, in said County, on the first Monday of December next, 1913, when and where all persons having claims against said estate are notified and requested to present the same to said Court for adjudication.

WILLIAM F. ZIEGLER, Executor.

Waukegan, Illinois, September 22, 1913.

E. M. Runyard, Attorney.

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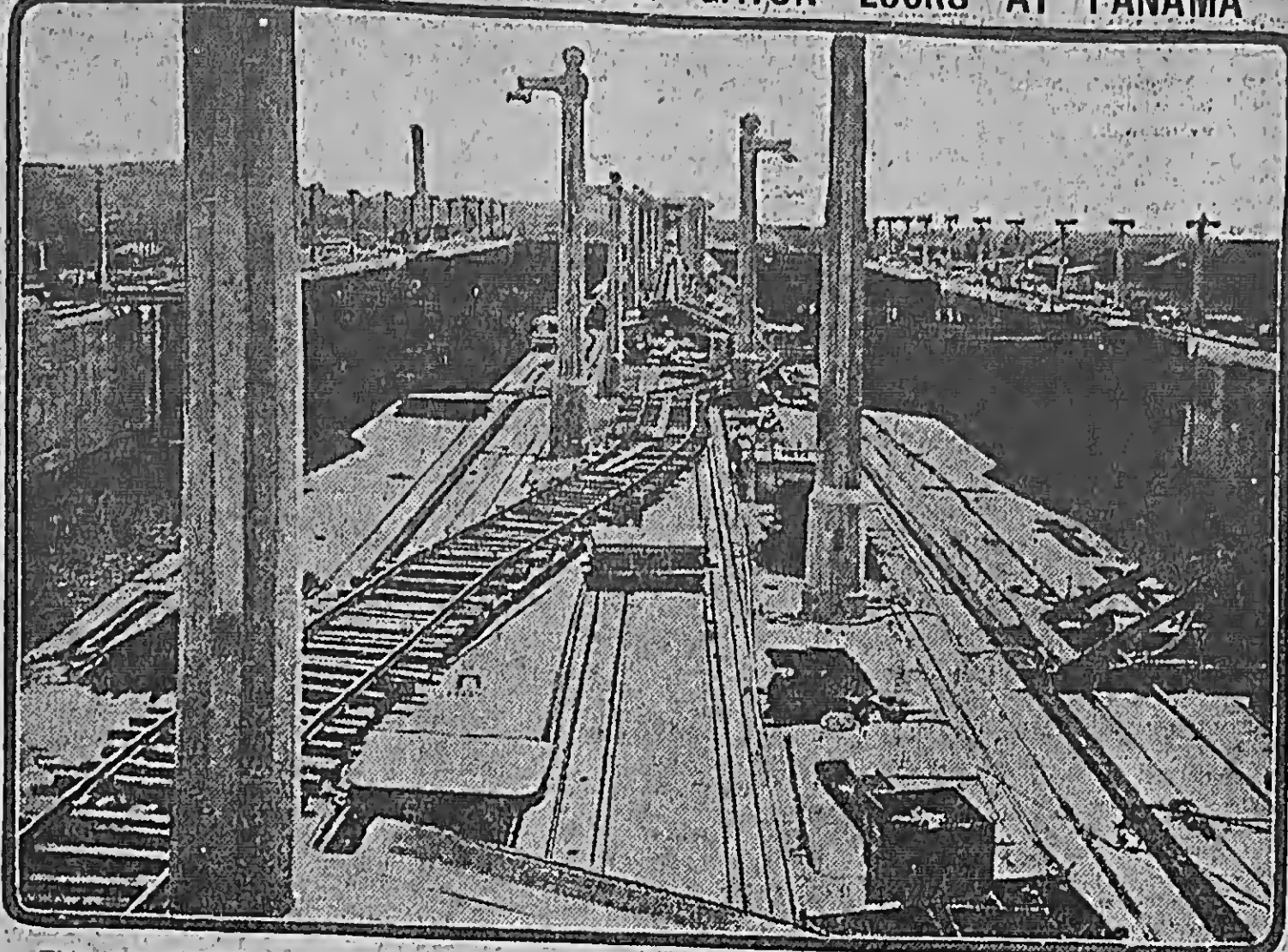
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FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE GATUN LOCKS AT PANAMA



This is a splendid view of the upper Gatun locks, taken from the center wall and looking north along upper Gatun locks, showing the almost completed condition of this section of the Panama canal. The water of the canal may be seen on either side in the foreground, being held back by the gates. In the left background is the Gatun lighthouse. The unsightly tracks on the center structure will soon be removed, having been placed there only temporarily during the construction of the center wall.

WORK ON PANAMA CANAL NEAR END

Waters of Gatun Lake Turned Into the Culebra Cut.

BIG DIKE IS TO BE REMOVED

This Will Mark the Practical Completion of the Big Waterway After Nine Years of Labor by an Army of Men.

Colon, Panama, Oct. 1.—The Panama canal stands today virtually complete.

The preliminary steps toward the destruction of the Gamboa dike, which until the present time, has held the waters of Gatun lake out of the Culebra cut, were taken today when the valves in four great 26-inch pipes which pierce the dike were opened and the waters of the lake began flowing into the Culebra cut. Within a few days it is expected, enough water will be flowed into the cut to form a cañon and prevent the damage that might be done if the dike were worked up and the waters allowed to fall into the empty cut.

The final destruction of the big dike is scheduled for October 10, when charges of dynamite placed in holes already drilled in the dike will be exploded. The explosion of these charges will not completely destroy the dike, but will weaken it and loosen the earth so that the force of the waters from Gatun lake will carry it away. Steam shovels will remove the remainder of the dike, leaving an open passageway from ocean to ocean.

Canal Really Complete Now.

Although the canal will not be officially declared completed for some time, as the formal opening of the waterway to the commerce of the world more than a year distant, the canal engineers look upon the destruction of the Gamboa dike as marking the practical completion of the canal. The big engineering feats have all been accomplished, the excavation work practically has been completed, and the great locks have been constructed. The work that remains to be done is largely detail, and is but child's play as compared with that which has been done. More dirt is to be removed from the channel, but this will be done with suction dredges floating upon the waters of the canal. There still remain some finishing touches to be placed upon the locks, but the work will take comparatively little time and presents no engineering difficulties such as have been encountered in the past.

That the canal stands practically complete more than a year before a time originally set as the date for its completion is one of the remarkable features of the work. When Count de Lesseps, the great French engineer, abandoned his efforts to build the Panama canal after eight years of labor, he had scarcely begun upon the gigantic task. Nine years, the American engineers starting almost at the same point as Lesseps, for the latter's work of little value to the American cause, have virtually completed the undertaking. (When the work was started the world scoffed at the idea that it would be completed within the limited time, but here are now off to American army engineers who have more than kept their word, despite foreseen difficulties that have beset them at every hand.)

Plans to Make Final Test. The first vessel to pass through the canal will be a boat of the United States navy, the USS Albatross, commanded by Col. G. W. Goethals, chairman of the canal commission and chief engineer of the canal and his principal assistants.

The final voyage through the canal is scheduled for some time during this month. Within another month it is expected the waters in Gatun lake will have risen high enough to bring the waters in the entire canal up to the deep water level required for the passage of the largest ships.

It is said that as long ago as the early part of August, assurances were given Washington officials that if the emergency should arise, the entire Atlantic battleship fleet could be put through the canal into Pacific waters within 60 days from that date. The work has been hurried with that end in view, it is said, as no emergency has existed, but this assurance is an indication of the belief of the engineers that their work is now practically finished.

Culebra Cut Caused Trouble. The excavation of the Culebra cut, into which the water has just been turned, has been one of the engineering feats connected with the building of the canal, and has caused the engineers more trouble than any other portion of the big "ditch." To Col. D. D. Gaillard, the engineer of the central division, is given the credit for carrying this portion of the work through to a successful termination.

The disastrous slides in the cut were discouraging to the engineers, nullifying in a few hours the work of many weeks, but Col. Gaillard and his assistants have kept untiringly at their work, and at last have conquered the treacherous banks of the deep cut. The engineers believe that the danger of slides will be eliminated now that the water has been turned into the cut.

A little more than a month ago the giant steam shovels finished their work in the Culebra cut. Since that time the workmen have been busy removing the shovels, the railroad tracks and other machinery used in the excavation work. There is still some dirt to be removed from the cut before the channel is finished, but this work will be done by suction dredges floating on the waters of the canal, and will not interfere with navigation of the waterway by such boats as may be allowed to pass through.

Immense Artificial Lake Created. Gatun lake, the waters of which are now flowing into the Culebra cut, is the pivotal point about which the entire canal system revolves, and the creation of this lake, together with the construction of Gatun dam, constituted another great engineering feat in the construction of the canal. Gatun lake is an artificial body of water covering about 164 square miles of territory and was created by the building of the immense Gatun dam and the impounding of the wild waters of Chagres river. Beneath the waters of Gatun lake lies what a few months ago was the valley of the Chagres, dotted with native villages and plantations. The channel of the canal passes through this lake for a distance of 24 miles with a width varying from 500 to 1,000 feet.

At the northern end of the lake is the Gatun dam, which is in reality an artificial ridge more than a mile and a half long. Figures alone give an adequate idea of the magnitude of this dam. Nearly half a mile wide at its base, about 400 feet wide at the water surface, and 100 feet wide at the top, the dike which many engineers predicted would never withstand the rush of the Chagres' waters, is admitted now to be so strong that nothing short of an earthquake such as has never been known in the Central American region can harm it. The Gatun dam, Gatun lake and the Culebra cut, so gigantic are the proportions of each, dwarf the other engineering works of the canal that in themselves have challenged the admiration of the world.

World Gives Goethals Credit. To Col. George Goethals, chairman of the Isthmian canal commission, chief engineer of the commission and governor of the canal zone, the world will give the credit for the successful completion of the Panama canal. Col. Goethals could not have accomplished his task without the assistance of

such men as Col. H. F. Hodges, Lieut. Col. David Du B. Bellard and Lieut. Col. William L. Sibert, army engineers, who have had charge of various phases of the work, but Col. Goethals is recognized as the real builder of the canal.

Under Colonel Goethals the greater part of the \$375,000,000 which the canal will have cost when it is completed has been spent. It has been by far the costliest engineering project in the world. Nearly three-fifths of a billion dollars has been spent in digging a 40-mile "ditch." This means that the Panama canal has cost the United States \$10,000,000 a mile.

Over \$15,000,000 of the total amount spent has been used to make the canal zone habitable and sanitary. It has been suggested that this is an enormous amount of money to spend in cleaning up a place in which few people will reside permanently, but the engineers say that the sanitation of the canal zone was the chief factor in making the canal a reality. The failure of the French has been attributed to a large extent to the fact that the workmen could not survive in the fever and pest ridden country.

The building of the great locks which raise a vessel to a height of 87 feet above sea level at one end of the canal and lower it the same distance at the other end, has been in charge of two of Colonel Goethals' assistants, Colonel Hodges and Lieutenant Colonel Sibert. Colonel Hodges' work in installing the immense lock gates that form so important a part of the operating machinery of the canal, and his ability to overcome all obstacles had led Colonel Goethals to call him a genius. The building, polishing and operation of the lock gates constitute one of the delicate problems of lock canal construction, and the proper handling of this problem has been Colonel Hodges' contribution to the work of construction of the canal.

Lieutenant Colonel Sibert has had charge of the building of the great dam and locks at Gatun, in addition to other duties. He saw long, active service in the Philippines, and he is known in the army as a fighter as well as an engineer.

Realize Dream of Centuries. Through the work of these men—all of them members of Uncle Sam's fighting body, the United States has been able to attain what has been in truth the dream of centuries. In nine years these men have carried through an undertaking that was first thought of several hundreds of years ago.

The United States government first took definite action looking toward the construction of an isthmian canal in 1823, when the senate voted for the building of a Nicaraguan canal. An expedition was sent to Nicaragua to make an investigation, and reported that the canal could be constructed for \$25,000,000, hardly one-twentieth of the amount that the Panama canal will have cost when completed.

De Lesseps First to Dig. The matter rested until after the Civil war, when negotiations for a canal commission were entered into by the United States government. Before anything had been accomplished the concession for a Panama canal had been given to Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse, a Frenchman. He organized a company, which sold out later to the financiers associated with Ferdinand de Lesseps. The company organized with de Lesseps at its head was the first one to actually begin operations on the isthmus. For eight years de Lesseps struggled manfully against the greatest odds that man ever was called upon to face. Then he was forced to give up the fight, his company collapsing as a result of dishonesty and extravagance on the part of its promoters, and de Lesseps, driven insane by the scandal, ended his days in an asylum.

Such was the history of the isthmian canal project for some 100 or 400 years, until the day in 1904 when Uncle Sam undertook the task. In nine years the dream of the centuries has been realized.

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

Most Majestic and Important of All in Spain.

In Size It is Next to St. Peter's in Rome—Only Dance Allowed in Any Christian Church Occurs Here in December and June.

New York.—Of the 49 wonderful cathedrals in Spain, the Cathedral of Seville, ranks as the most majestic and important, and in size is next to St. Peter's in Rome.

It is during the fiesta of the Immaculate Conception in December and on Corpus Christi in June that is presented in this noble church the only dance allowed in any Christian church in the world. It is also occasionally given during carnival time.

"La Danza de los Sileses" is a rite of remote origin supposed to represent the dance of the Israelites before the Ark. Originally 12 boys participated in the dance, to which fact it owes its name—"The Dance of the Sileses," as they danced in pairs six on a side.

In the seventeenth century opposition was raised to the dance by many persons of influence, but the people rose en masse in protest, and petitioned the pope to preserve this favorite and charming feature of the fiesta. At the request of the pope the "Sileses" were sent to Rome that he might judge personally of its fitness. So pleased was his holiness with its simplicity and dignity that he gave permission for its continuance "so long as the costumes then worn should last"—and he also decided "that the boys might be worn without any disrespect to the Virgin." As no costume is ever allowed to fall in total disrepair, this elusive manner of evading the termination of this unique and attractive ceremony will result in its surviving for an indefinite time.

For this great feat devoted to the Virgin, an altar 30 or 40 feet high is erected of solid silver. The background is of crimson velvet, and ten of the massive pillars which inclose the altar and choir are also hung with the same rich color, leading a warmth of tone to the gray interior. Blue being the color of the Virgin, all coverings are of this pure color, as are the magnificent gold embroidered vestments worn by the clergy.

The dance is given in the Capilla Mayor at the foot of the high altar, and as the Sileses take their position the archbishop and clergy enter and



Spanish Fiesta Costumes.

knelt during the entire time, as do all who witness it, as it is held in great reverence.

Clad in striped costumes of blue and white, with the trim of Philip III, and carrying white plumed hats, the dancers make Philip III, a dainty appearance. As the orchestra begins the quaint music, written early in the seventeenth century, played on ancient instruments and held unpublished, the boys kneel and offer a prayer to the Virgin, afterward singing in their clear young voices the sweetest of melodies, minor in key and plaintive in style, then, donning their hats, the dance commences.

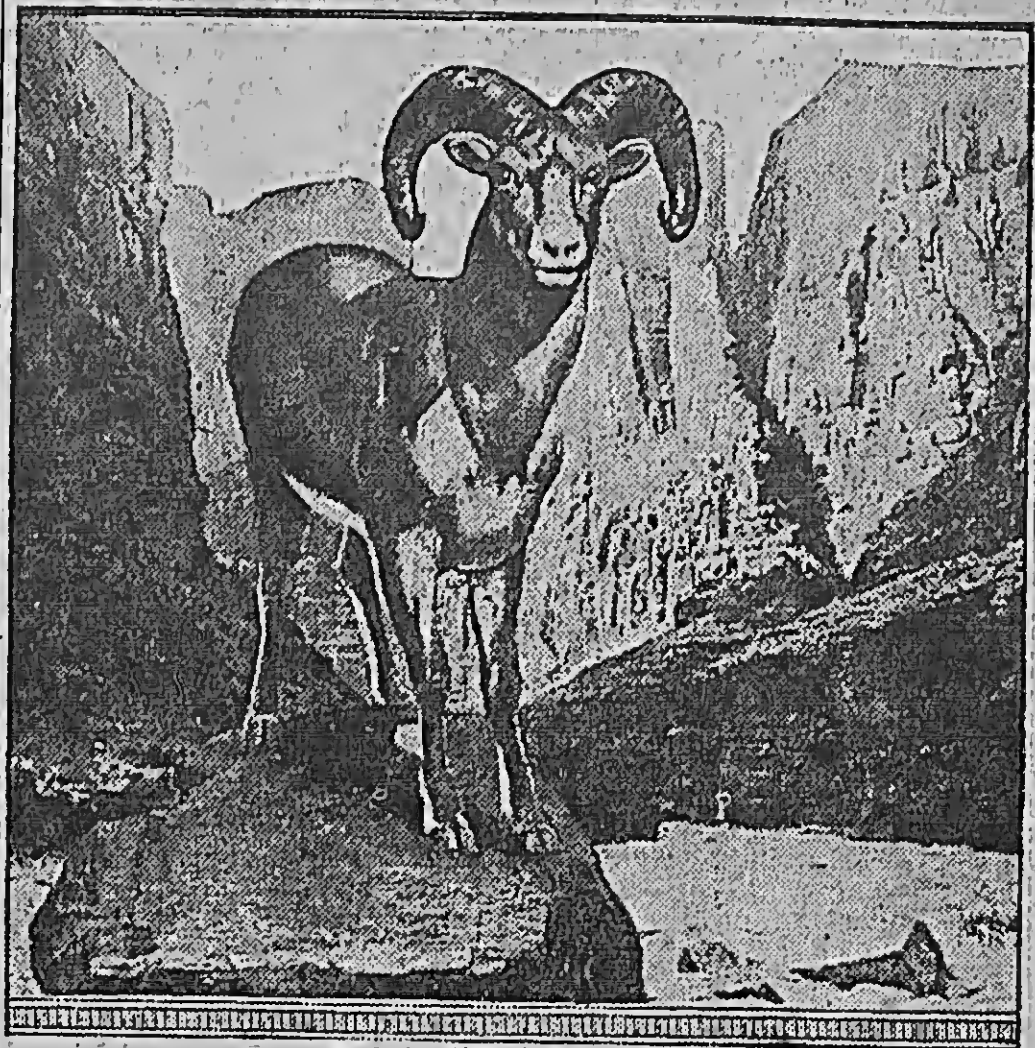
This so-called dance is in reality more of a stately walk and a weaving in and out of several graceful figures, ending in a single turn at the end of each of the three parts. The costumes are lightly played and sound charmingly. At the close of the dance the Sileses make their final obeisance, and accord the steps of the altar, followed by the archbishop, his long crimson robe rippling over the steps from top to bottom.

Never was a more perfect and effective picture than this. The glistening silver, softly glowing wax lights and the air filled with sweet harmony. The climax is reached when the archbishop folds about him and stretches out his hand to bless his people. Just at this moment all the bells of the Giralda peal forth in joyous unison, the great tones of the organ roll through the cathedral and the orchestra joins in the last refrain of the semi-religious dance music, and this fascinating fiesta is ended.

Operated on 25 Times.

Yuma, Mich.—Fred Maybury, twenty-three, was operated on for the twenty-fourth time in ten years. His initial visit to the operating table was made when his right hand was out of. Maybury next lost his left leg. Then he was stricken with appendicitis. Next a stray shot destroyed his right eye, following which necrosis developed in his left arm and several bones were removed at different times. A portion of his liver was removed in the last operation.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN SOUTHWEST



TYPICAL MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

PATIENCE and perseverance are the essentials in the making of every man who goes out for big game, and he who would successfully hunt the mountain sheep should possess more than the ordinary endowment of these characteristics. Unlike many other animals, these cannot be hunted by rule of thumb. Rules for sheep hunting are usually true only in the exceptions, and the only one really worth bearing in mind is to "always expect the unexpected," writes L. R. Freeman in Los Angeles Times.

"Prepare to climb if you go for sheep in the Cocopahs, and don't expect to find any under 3,000 feet."

Thus said experienced friends in Yuma when I first went off down the Colorado for a hunt in the Delta country, and the only sheep I shot this trip was secured at the edge of a plain and at an elevation, or rather a depression, of 100 feet below sea level. "No use looking for sheep at the lower water holes after last night's cloudburst in the upper mountains," said the Mexican guides who had taken me down to Mt. San Pedro on another occasion, and an hour later—unless I was crowded into one of those very water holes by a big ram whose only line of flight chanced to lie by a footwide ledge along which I was glomerally picking my way.

Below Sea Level.

The spot where I shot my "submarine" sheep, as the fine specimen I have alluded to as having been shot below sea level was dubbed, first appeared to me in a mirage. It was a scorching noonday on that sun-baked stretch of white alkali which leads from the edge of the Imperial irrigation country down to the desolate Cocopahs. The sky was a dome of hammered brass, inverted over a floor of gleaming zinc, the plain. The wheels of the camp wagon moved noiselessly over the yielding alkali and no sound broke the stillness save the monotonous creak of the springs and the occasional clank of a trace chain.

Gradually out of the steel-gray glow of the air that marked the spot where sky and plain merged in a misty blur, a shimmering lake of crystal water began to form, the wavelets of whose farther side lapped against a beach of black and lying in the right-angled embrasure of a towering yellow cliff, the latter standing out so clear and distinct as to seem almost to float up on the eyeball.

The water and cliff had been tantalizingly receding before us for perhaps an hour, when down to one side of the lake came walking three full-grown mountain sheep—one ram and two ewes. I light off into the water they marched, the glittering surface of the lake gradually closing over them without splash or ripple.

After an interval of a minute or two the big back-curving horns of the ram appeared, bobbed along the surface of the lake for a hundred yards or more as if detached, to be finally followed by the shoulders and body of their owner. A moment later the ewes wobbled into view, and all three trotted out on the beach and disappeared in a depression at the apex of the great right-angled cliff.

Later, returning from two weeks of fruitless climbing in the parched Cocopahs, we chanced upon the same distinctive cliff observed in the mirage, camped at the waterhole deep back in the angle of its overhang, and the following morning shot a fine young ram that was coming down at sun-up for an early drink. This instance is the only one I have knowledge of where a mountain sheep has been shot below sea level. The phenomenon of the animals appearing to walk through the water was undoubtedly caused by the not uncommon combination of a true mirage and a lake effect due only to the agitation of the waves of heated air.

Once Plentiful.

Up to a very few years ago—and probably still—sheep were fairly plentiful in the low desert mountains which bare and there hem in the Colorado

river above Yuma, and it was there that I once had the unusual experience of being presented with a shot, firing and shooting a sheep which I did not get, ultimately getting a sheep which I did not shoot. Accompanied only by an Indian I had just picked my way up the side of a steep-walled valley to a tableland, upon which, according to report brought to us the night before, fresh sheep tracks had been recently noted. We reached the mesa at a point where, in shadow ourselves, we could watch a great slash of sunlight cutting through a gap in the eastern ridge and descending like a wedge of gold into the semi-darkness of the lower valley. As the tip of the wedge of light touched a jutting point on the mesa's outermost rim, it revealed with startling suddenness a well-grown young ram standing sharply in relief against the blur of blue mist that filled the valley. I shot as I sat, resting my rifle across my knee and, as the distance was under a hundred yards, could hardly have missed by many inches the shoulder at which I aimed. The young ram toppled forward over the brink of the cliff and, simultaneously, another animal leaped after him from the shadow, while a number of others scampered back out of sight into a rocky gully which cut the mesa at that point.

We descended to the bridge trail, 200 feet below the cliff, to find, lying on the outer edge, not the animal I had shot, but a much larger ram with a shattered, but still magnificent, pair of horns. The wounded sheep had evidently struck a projection of the cliff in his descent, this deflecting the body sufficiently to clear the trail and bound on into the valley below. The unwounded ram, leaping out from the brow of the cliff, had fallen straight to the bridge trail and been instantly killed. The body of the wounded sheep was carried away in the swift mountain torrent which ran at the base of the cliff.

MANY USES OF THE OCEANS

They Are Here Enumerated, and You May Accept or Reject the Facts as You Prefer.

Oceans are found in various parts of the world, where they spend their time in lapping shores, intruding upon the rights of continents, and swallowing up islands, ships and people.

Oceans are salty to the taste and are used by yachtsmen to get away from their wives, also to cover up eabled newspaper stories about kings and queens, and to float navies and other deities.

An ocean spends its time in having storms and making surf. It delights in making innocent people sick and in playing with children's legs. Without oceans there would be no steamships and gambling would decline.

Every ocean has a set of fish which do not even pay ground rent, but spend their time like people who live on land, namely, in devouring each other. Besides ordinary fish, oceans have whales, lobsters and mormals. The mormals live on rocks just as girls on dry land do. The lobsters also live shellfish lives in lobster palaces. The whales live around and wait for the happy time when they can perform useful work supplying bones for corsets or to oil the wheels of child labor factories.

Some oceans employ professional sea serpents, which they use during the summer for advertising purposes. Oceans also have zones, seaweed and sponges. When an ocean has been out all night it likes to take a sponge bath, hence it always keeps on hand a constant supply of these useful toilet articles—Life.

Keeping Up the Deception.

"I presume your wife thinks you are a very smart man?" "She does." "Well, my advice to you is, don't stay around home any more than you can help."

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. E. L. Wald spent Wednesday in Highland Park.

Geo. Dennison of Lake Beulah spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. John Mitchell.

Mrs. P. Hamlin and Mrs. John Nadr visited relatives in Chicago the first of the week.

The Ladies Aid society met at the church basement Wednesday for their regular meeting and tied comforters.

The new bank is going up rapidly and will be ready for occupancy this month. It is a fine building and a credit to the town.

Mrs. Walter Atwell has returned home after two week's visit with her nephew and family at Minneapolis, Minn.

George Mitchell attended the Banker's convention in Chicago last Friday. Mr. Carter had charge of the bank in his absence.

D. R. and G. P. Manzer and families and E. A. Wilton and wife took in Algonquin and Woodstock Sunday making the trip by auto.

Hamlin & Sons have the contract for the new \$15,000 Lehman house to be built on their Sand Lake farm for Ernest Lehman. Work will begin at once.

HICKORY

Miss Smith visited over Sunday at Union Grove.

Mrs. Stewart of Gurnee visited Friday at Sim Ames.

Andrew Peterson and wife spent Saturday in Waukegan.

Margurite and Leota Savage spent over Sunday at Wilson King's.

Ambrose Colegrove is building an addition onto his house in the form of a fine big kitchen.

John Webb and family and A. Knutson and wife of Kenosha visited at A. Savage's Sunday.

Mrs. Dan Webb and Mrs. Hollenbeck entertained the Aid Society Wednesday afternoon at the church.

On Tuesday evening of last week about 35 friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Savage walked in and gave them a complete surprise. Refreshments were served at a late hour after which all departed declaring they had spent a pleasant evening.

About That Gordian Knot.
The Gordian knot is said to have been made of things used as harness to the wagon of Gordian, a husbandman, afterwards King of Phrygia. Whosoever loosed the knot, the ends of which were hidden, the oracle said, should be ruler of Persia. Alexander the Great cut away the knot with his sword until he found the ends of it, and thus, in a military sense, interpreted the oracle.

Danger of Knowing Too Much.
Let us remember, advises a medical magazine, that a brain crammed with a multitude of useless facts may show up brilliantly on an examination, but be so clogged as to be unable to put the knowledge to practical use. We know we are raising the pedagogues' ire by thus stating that there is such a thing as too much knowledge, but as a fact the world's work is being done by specialists who are deeply ignorant of everything outside their respective narrow spheres—and of many things inside, too.

Cat Mothered Chicken.
An Atkinson (Me) man has a cat which distinguished herself, after losing a family of kittens, by curling up in the woodbox and mothering to the best of her ability a small chicken. That she had given it a thorough "washing," the condition of its feathers showed, as well as by the noise it made.

Hen Follage.
A young Boston college woman was following the suburbanite about his place and doing her best to show her full appreciation of the semi-rural beauty of the establishment. On visiting the henyard she became enraptured. One hen was unusually well marked. "Oh!" the young woman exclaimed, enthusiastically, "what beautiful foliage that hen has!"

Friendly Tip to Parents.
The older a girl gets the less she thinks of the picture for which she posed in a wash bowl—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Possible Explanation.
Some prophets are without honor in their own country for the reason that it is harder to fool people when they are well acquainted with you.

SILVER LAKE

R. Borton and family Sundayed at Wilmet.

Mrs. Will Parkin of Burlington called here Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Schmalfeldt is visiting in Waukegan.

W. Prosser was in English Prairie on last Saturday.

Frank Sevey of Lake Catherine was here Sunday.

Mrs. Rhebe is entertaining her sister from Milwaukee.

Mrs. G. Runkle and son of Wheatland spent Sunday here.

Herbert Voss visited at his home in Burlington Sunday.

Miss Barbara Fiedker visited in Kenosha over Sunday.

Mrs. Keulman of Antioch visited here last Thursday.

Mike Flecker and wife were Milwaukee visitors Friday.

Clair Dixon and wife are visiting at Devil's lake this week.

Mrs. John Schmalfeldt of Wilmet visited here over Sunday.

Fred Stoffer and family entertained company from Kenosha Sunday.

Mrs. Clara Selby and daughter visited relatives near Trevor last week.

Miss Crystal Dixon left Sunday for Rochester where she will attend school.

Mrs. Cragg and daughter and Mrs. Selby visited at Dan Longman's near Trevor Thursday.

Fred Schmalfeldt and family and Gus Schmalfeldt and wife made a trip to Waukegan in their auto Sunday.

George Weaver and wife of North Silverlake celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary on September 21, an elaborate dinner was served to about sixty-five guests. The house was very prettily decorated.

MILLBURN

Clarence Bonner and wife spent Sunday with Mrs. Bain.

Miss Foote will spend a month with relatives St. Paul, Minn.

William Mitchell and wife of Waukegan spent last Tuesday here.

James Humphrey of St. Paul, Minn., spent past week at the parsonage.

Mrs. McDowell of Nebraska visiting her daughter Mrs. E. N. Cannon.

Mrs. C. E. Denman, daughter and grandson left Tuesday to visit relatives at Lincoln, Ill.

Rev. and Mrs. Safford left Wednesday for their annual vacation of three weeks. They will spend their time at Freeport and Wheaton, Ill.

Retort Courteous.
"My son Willie tells me that you threatened to box his ears yesterday," Miss Tooter," said the irate parent, calling upon the school mistress, "and I have come in to say to you that if you ever—" "Don't worry, Mr. Marrowfat," said Miss Tooter, graciously. "I'm not at all likely to do it. The janitor has been through all the department stores in town, and he can't find a box big enough for the purpose."—Harper's Weekly.

Miser's Unsuspected Hoard.
A dead miser's hoard was found secreted in a wall in an old cottage at Pembroke Dock, South Wales, recently. When workmen were repairing the cottage they discovered bank notes and gold amounting in actual value to about \$5,000. The cottage was last occupied by David Nicholas, a retired farmer and teamman, who died some time ago. He lived alone, and was in receipt of parochial relief.

Father's Inconsistency.
Father will splash around in two feet of water and ruin a suit of clothes to save articles in a stranger's house during a 30-cent fire. But if the pan under the ice-box flows over, he will go upstairs and wake mother so she can come down and mop it up.

Cows Must Wear Earrings.
Cows in Belgium wear earrings. The law requires that when a cow has attained the age of three months it shall have in its ears a ring to which it attached a numbered metal tag for taxation purposes.

Don't Worry.
Doctor: "Now, don't worry, whatever you do, a man with heart disease can't afford to worry. Avoid all company of any kind, drink nothing whatsoever, and on no account touch meat and vegetables. By the by, I won't be able to call till Wednesday, as I have to attend the funerals of three patients."

INSECTS HAVE NO NOSTRILS

Nature, Seemingly Concluded Small Creatures Could Get Along Without That Convenience.

All insects need air, even those that live in water, but no insect has nostrils, or any opening in the head through which it breathes. Instead, there is a row of small openings called spiracles, down each side of its body, one on each segment, beginning with the second or third of the thorax or chest, and extending back to the tip of the abdomen. The spiracles open into two air-tubes that extend the length of the insect, one on each side, just within the wall of the body. These tubes are connected in the thorax by two cross-tubes, and from these smaller tubes diverge, growing constantly smaller, until the finest tubes permeate every part of the insect, even the tips of the antennae and the joints of the feet. The tubes are known as tracheae, and serve the same purpose that the lungs serve in the vertebrates; to carry oxygen to the blood and tissues. The outer openings or spiracles, are protected in various ways—as for example, by a circle of hairs—in order to prevent the admission of anything except air. If they become clogged by any such substance as oil or grease the insect suffocates. The humming of gnats, the buzzing of flies, and similar sounds, are produced by the vibration of the air in the spiracles and tracheae.—Youth's Companion.

NEW IDEA OF FAMOUS STATUE

Surely, the Most Original of All Put Forward Concerning the Venus De Medici.

Aunt Judy had been brought up from the plantation on the coast for a visit to the "big family" house in Savannah. There she learned, to her indignation and outspoken disapproval, that one of her granddaughters, whom she had never seen, had been allowed to go north to study for the opera. Aunt Judy had once been a spectator of as much of a musical comedy as one could see between the time of the curtain rising upon a ballet and chorus and the time of Judy's outraged exit from the theater. To the old woman the expedition of the mistress's granddaughter was much as if the girl had elected to go off in the company of Satan, Caligula, and Henry VIII.

Also, there was a marble Venus de Medici in one corner of the drawing room of the "big family" house. Judy had her own ideas about this statue, too.

"I ain't sho," Judy said one day in confidence to a friend of the family, who had asked to see the girl, "I ain't sho"—oh! missus ain't never told me—but I 'lak dat wite rock girls a pol' trait er dat gran'chile whut run off in bad comp'ny."—New York Evening Post.

Ants Walk on Water.
It may not be new to observers of animal life, but I have been much interested in watching the common house ant here in Rio de Janeiro, says a writer in Nature.

We have an American fly trap; the sugar was one day covered with ants, so I placed the trap on a finger bowl standing in a plate of water. The ants, when they came to the edge of the water, ran around the bowl until convinced there was no way across, and then calmly took to the water, and ran across it by aid of surface tension without getting their feet wet.

Having presumably been homo to the nest, they returned for more sugar, crossing in the same way, and this went on regularly, a steady procession crossing the water.

Test of Sanity.
The ability to remain both sober and gracious under high reward or great responsibility is a quality that is greatly admired in others. To remain a simple and open mind after doing something that is acknowledged to be of merit is one of the rarest accomplishments of sanity. It makes for pleasantness in abundant measure.

Indeed it does more than this, it makes living possible, paves the way to success, begets good will, conquers hatred and uncharitableness—in short, it is the substance of comity, the evidence of grace, and the proof of a large mind that is sane—Atlantic.

To Purify Musty Places.
Charcoal and quicklime are the best purifiers. To use charcoal, for instance, suspend it in net bags. Make a number of bags to hold several large lumps of charcoal. These will absorb all sorts of bad odors and mustiness and leave the atmosphere pure and sweet. The power of charcoal is according to its freshness, and this is restored by heating. Once a week take the bags down, empty them in a fire pot and heat very hot. The freshened lumps will then serve a new period of usefulness.

Uses Time Well.
The young business woman who works downtown until four o'clock each afternoon passes one afternoon a week from four until six at a public library reading the current magazines and "keeping posted," as she puts it. Nothing is allowed to interfere with this standing engagement and the girl who has tried declares that it is really quite remarkable what a lot of reading one can get into two hours a week when it is done regularly.—Chicago News.

IN LATE UNPLEASANTNESS

By KENNETH HARRIS.

"War is a dreadful thing," said the venerable looking man with the Grand Army button, "only those who have been through one can fully understand its horrors, and yet good may come from it. I know that to war I owe my happiness in life. I might tell you about it if you have nothing better to do than listen."

It happened down in Mary, land. Perhaps you have heard of a little affair called Antietam? Well, it was my fortune to be mixed up in that. I was lieutenant in the Ninety-ninth Illinois and as is well known, McClellan put his main reliance in

the Ninety-ninth. "All the world knows how we hustled our batteries to the heights and how we pounded away at the Johnnies and how they pounded back at us. Then McClellan gave the word for the Ninety-ninth, with some important support, to charge the enemy's left, and with a wild hurrah, we upped and alit 'em. I was running at the head of my company across the valley toward them, of course, when I felt a sudden sharp, stinging sensation in my side, and the next moment I lost consciousness. When I recovered I found myself in a clean white bed, with a kindly dark face bending over me and pressing a glass of some cooling beverage to my lips. I don't mean to say the face was pressing the glass, of course, you might know that it was the owner of the face to whom I was indebted for that charitable attention. I heard the old mammy say: 'I reckon he'll drag through now, Miss Coddle, honey.'

"Ah'm mighty sorry to hear it," said a soft, musical voice. "Ah wish all the Yankees were at the bottom of the Potomac. Ah'd have poisoned him if Ah had seen him here, yo' aursed him."

"I looked in the direction of the voice and I saw one of the most beautiful girls my eyes had ever rested upon."

"I thank you, madam, for your kind intentions," I said, sarcastically. "She tossed her beautiful head with a disdainful expression, 'Misheuhrahe Yankee!' she murmured. Then she got up, and with a queenly air swept from the room."

"I didn't see anything more of her until the next day. I tried to put on an interesting look and pathetically begged her to tell me how the battle had gone."

"We licked you out of yo' boots," she said, triumphantly. "Yo can make up yo' mind that we are going to keep on doing it, too. Ah came in here to see how yo' were getting along."

"It was kind of you—noble—generous," I said. "I appreciate it beyond measure. I—"

"Hold yo' hosses," she said. "Ah don't want any of that co't talk from any Yankee. I was going to say that Ah'm not going to have 'yo' loafin' around here any longer than Ah have to."

"She was still reviling me and all Yankees when we heard a sound of gruff voices below, and almost directly the tramp of heavy feet and the clank of a saber coming up the stairs. My little rebel screamed and shrank into a corner of the room as a moment later three of my men entered, and with a shout of joy discovered me."

"Have they been a ill treatin' or abusin' you, loot?" asked my trusty orderly, Smith, when his transports of delight had in some measure abated. "Say the word an' we'll smoke the whole caboodle out. The blame rebs deserve it, anyway."

"The girl screamed again. Smith certainly had a ferocious manner of talking. I begged her to be calm, however, and assured her of my protection. 'We miserable Yankees do not war upon women,' I said. 'Smith, I have received nothing but the most uniform courtesy and kindness at the hands of the inmates of this house. I owe my life to this lady.'

"I looked at the girl as I spoke, and I thought that she seemed remorseful. As my men raised me she escaped from the room, the last that I saw of her then."

"I met her in Baltimore twenty years later. She was the most unconstructed woman I ever saw—and the most unpleasant. I ventured to remind her that I was the young officer whom she had hospitably entertained after Antietam. I remembered her directly."

"Ah remember you perfectly, sub," she answered. "Ah remember that Ah wanted to poison yo'. Ah'm sorry that Ah did not. Yo' wouldn't have been carpet-baggin' around here if Ah had. Ah neglected an opportunity. Then she turned her back on me."

"Then what do you mean when you said that the war had brought you happiness?"

"I was exchanged into the commissariat in consequence of that wound. I did pretty well there and was able to marry the girl I left behind me."

STRANGE LADY IN BLACK

By LAURA L. HINKLEY.

The boy was trudging home from a day's fishing when he saw her coming down the river road. All in black from head to foot, her figure moved against the red sunset sky, tall and slender and very graceful, walking elastically as if upon a spring, and young. The boy noted curiously the heavy black veil drawn across her face. He was about to cross the intersection of their ways when she lifted her hand and beckoned him.

Bashfully, shifting the pole on his shoulder, the boy approached. He and she were all the human life in the landscape except the darkening village roofs and chimneys beyond the turn.

You know where all the people live in town, don't you, dear?" she asked, throwing back her veil.

Her voice was sweet and seductive; her face beautiful beyond all the lad's experience.

"Yes, sir," he stammered, blushing.

"Yes, 'um."

"Do you know where Mr. Hurst lives?"

"Judge Hurst?"

"Are there two Hursts?"

"Yes'm. Judge Hurst, he lives in the big house; an' young Mr. Hurst—"

he's his son—he lives on Water street since he got married. He ain't been married very long—"

The boy stopped, astounded at what he saw. The beautiful face fronted him steadily, but the blood went out of it, leaving it thinner and older.

Then with a sort of ripple, the soul came back.

"I beg your pardon, dear! I am late now. Whom did Mr. Hurst marry?"

"Belle Daly. They had an awful fine wedding. I guess Dally was glad Bella got him. She's awful pretty."

"Prettier than I am?"

"No'm," faltered the boy. Then, breathlessly, he essayed his first compliment. "They ain't nobody—prettier'n you!"

She laughed with a flash of sweetness over her whole face, and dew of tears in her eyes. Putting one soft hand under the boy's chin, she stooped and kissed him on the mouth. Thereby she sealed him hers, body and soul.

"Will you do something for me?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"I want you to take a letter to Mr. Hurst for me. Wait while I write it."

She sat down on a stump of a tree, and wrote with a lead pencil on her knee. It did not take long.

"Can you give that to Mr. Hurst without letting anyone see, not even his new wife? Do not tell anyone that you have seen me. Bring back Mr. Hurst's answer. I will wait for you here."

As he went lingeringly, the boy wheeled on one bare, irresolute heel to look at her. She was sitting motionless on the stump with one clenched hand pressed hard against her breast.

"I ain't cold," thought the boy, "but I'm shiverin' all over! An' now I ain't shiverin', I'm hot! Wonder if I ketches somethin'! Gee! Ain't she queer—an' lovely!"

He saw young Mr. Hurst, with his youthful, burly figure, his curly head and handsome, hard countenance, down town, followed into a quiet side street, and timidly accosted him.

"D— you!" said young Mr. Hurst. "What do you want?"

The boy silently proffered the letter.

Young Mr. Hurst swore repeatedly on reading it. He tore a leaf from his note book and scribbled an answer.

"There! Take her that! And mind you hold your tongue!"

It was so dark when the lady in black rose to meet the boy, that she could hardly see to read the note. She embarrassed him with the graciousness of her thanks.

"I expect I'll get licked for stayin' out so late."

"Are you going to tell?" she asked, fixing him with her wonderful eyes.

"No, ma'am."

"Not even if they whip you, or torment you, or put you in jail? What ever happens?"

"No, ma'am," he repeated, huskily.

"I have no money to give you," she said, considering.

The boy threw back his head proudly above his aching throat.

"I don't want no money!"

She bent on him one of her sweet, swimming looks.

"A child!" she cried, softly; then suddenly gathered him in her arms, pressing his face in her bosom. The instant before he raised his lips to hers, the boy felt his cheek lie against something hard and cold.

His uneasy, raptured slumbers were broken by a thumping at his father's door. He put his head out of the window. There was a tumult of men's excited voices.

"Young Hurst! Found him on the river road!—Bout ten o'clock—Letter in his pocket, queer, lead pencil scrawl—some woman—Knife in him!—Stone dead!"

The river road! The boy fought back a fearful impulse to scream out his agonized question: Was she killed, too?

He heard no word of her, then or later. His young honor would let him ask no question, and none was ever asked him about the Lady in Black.

SHE LIKED GAY PLUMAGE

By JULIA MAXWELL.

Esiele Adams liked gay plumage. Her New York aunt, whom she was visiting, did not approve of anything that would attract attention. That was why she objected to Esiele's wearing a brand-new bonnet with the dazzling yellow feather.

"I'd rather you wouldn't wear that hat, Esiele," said Aunt Linda Mallow. "It looks 'fash'."

Esiele hit her lip in disappointment, put away the gorgeous thing of shimmering yellow and donned a plain black-and-blue straw which her aunt had selected for her on her last visit to the city a year before.

"That looks more like you, my dear. Young girls are apt to be misunderstood when they wear conspicuous hats."

"But, Auntie, I do love bright things. Other girls wear them, and nice girls, too, I'm sure."

Aunt Linda was not disposed to argue the question. Besides, the electric was waiting for them at the curb.

The last few days of her New York visit Esiele spent with a girl friend. And when she passed through the gate at the Grand Central station bound for the train that was to take her to her home in an upstate town, she was wearing the hat with the inviting yellow feather. For Aunt Linda was not along, and her chum, who came to the station with her, adored the hat.

Esiele was a gregarious young woman. In the small town where she lived it was a habit for people to be neighborly. So when the middle-aged man in the parlor car seat across the aisle offered her a magazine, she accepted it with a smile and a nod of the yellow feather. When she entered the dining car for luncheon and the dining car conductor placed her opposite the same man, she was not displeased. He was a well-groomed, interesting-looking man, and Esiele liked men. When the stranger suggested that she order lunch for both of them, Esiele didn't mind. Luncheon for one was always deadly stupid. Of course, she realized that Aunt Linda would be horrified at such a proceeding, but Aunt Linda was old-fashioned. It was common talk in the family that Linda was entirely too diffident; too reserved. She was not nearly so popular as her sisters, who were of more sociable men. However, never a breath of scandal had attached to Linda's name, and there were some of the family that—well, that's quite another matter.

Esiele enjoyed the luncheon, and though she endeavored in the usual way to pay the check, her protestations were quickly swept away. As the man plotted her back to her chair in the parlor car, she was conscious of a certain guilty feeling, but she put it from her. How could a girl afford to do anything else? He was a human, and she liked him to be a people. She couldn't play a kind of game by herself. There are many young girls like Esiele.

It was only twenty minutes until Esiele's home town would reach. She was rather sorry. She was having such a good time.

"I'd like to see you again," said the man, meaningly.

"Oh, thank you," laughed the girl. "I've enjoyed meeting you."

"But you don't live far from Buffalo, and haven't you some friends there that you could tell your friends to go to visit—why don't you come down to spend a few days with me? I know a nice little place where we could go and be comfortable. Here's my card. Thank you for the dress. Write me when you can't away."

Esiele was dumfounded. All his color had gone out of her face. She felt sick to the very depths of her. She simply couldn't speak. The dropped from her nerveless fingers.

But the stranger did not understand. His eyes glittered strangely while the mark of the beast was in every line of his face. "You're a girl like I like," he said, "and there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you. Do you think could come down to be with me in a day?"

The girl found voice but still it was not her own voice. It was as if a girl who has suddenly had her ideal and illusion knocked from her.

"Oh, oh, you horrid thing! I—I—you've made a mistake. Oh, hate you, hate you! I never can see you again, never!"

When calm came, Esiele was alone at home—alone. All the glad she was alone. All the gone out of her vacation. She was clean, tainted, as if she had been walking through bogs of evil.

And, sobbing, the girl wondered at all men like that, or was it the feather? It had not yet occurred that young girls who are apt to be misunderstood and—

That was one thing that Aunt Linda had forgotten to tell her.

Testing the Upper Air.
By means of balloons the U. S. has been tested to a height of 19 miles in this country by the observers. During a recent remarkable flight the instrument recorded a temperature of 70 degrees below zero at a distance of miles above the earth. Where the sounding balloons have been whether near the equator or in northern latitudes, the records have shown that after six miles above the earth the temperature no longer drops, but the instruments ascend, and times becomes stationary.